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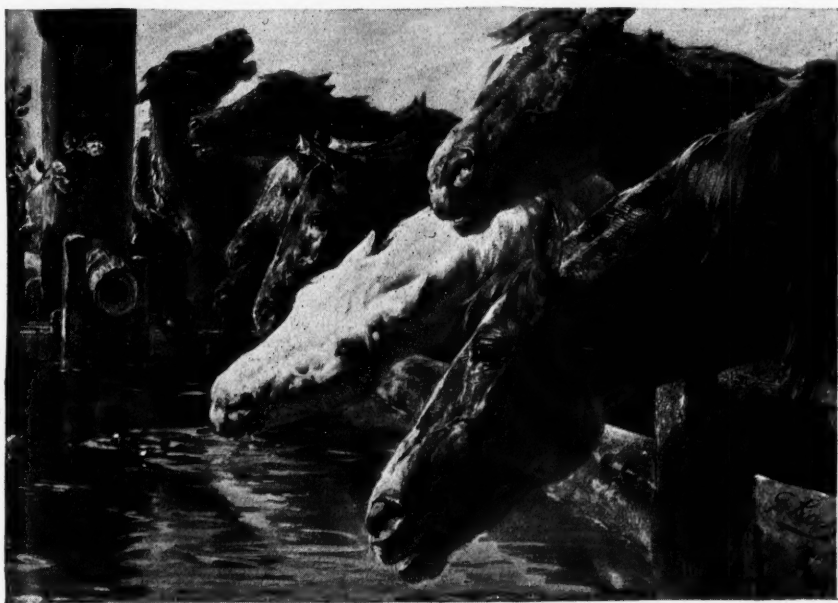
ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes from the world of contemporary art, in picture and in text—American and foreign painters and their work.

THE TASTE FOR "OLD MASTERS."

THE fickleness of popular taste is shown by the fact that at a time when its trend has seemed to be more and more toward modern art, there are signs of a revival of interest in "old masters." Old canvases, especially of the earlier English, Dutch, and Flemish painters, have attracted great attention at exhibitions and sales in New York and elsewhere. There is something of a cult of Reynolds and Constable, Rubens and Rembrandt.

The bane of a craze for old paintings is the opportunity that it affords to the unscrupulous dealer. American picture buyers have been so severely bitten, in times past, that they should have learned something from experience; but the familiar saying of the celebrated "Hungry Joe," that a fool is born every minute, is nowhere more true than in the art market. We have spoken before, in this department, of the abundance of spurious and doubtful work that passes under the names of good modern painters. In



"At the Watering Place."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by G. Koch.



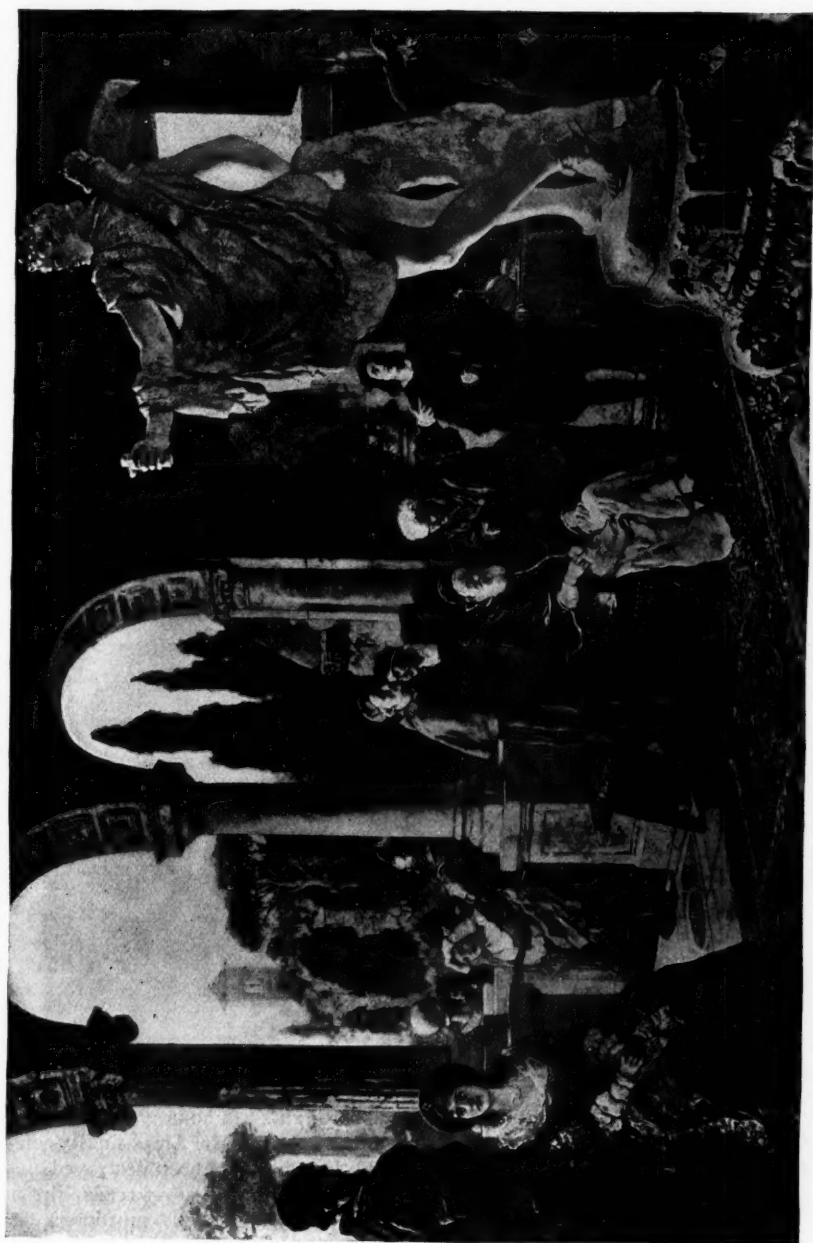
COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"An Obliging Cavalier."

From the painting by Ferdinand Leckz—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"old masters" deception is easier, and still more rife. Obscure canvases and smoky panels are unearthed in junk shops, or manufactured to order and arti-

ficially "aged," and palmed off as the work of some more or less famous Italian or Hollander of the sixteenth century. The most careful collectors find it



"Pope Julius the Second and his Courtiers."
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Carl Becker.

extremely difficult to steer clear of them, and they even get into public galleries sometimes. Two or three of the old Flemish paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, assigned in the

them was more than twelve by fourteen inches—and also quite valuable. When the theft was discovered, a reward of fifteen hundred dollars was offered for their return, with "no questions asked";



Frederick A. Bidgman, N. A.

From a photograph by Plats, Chicago.

catalogue to Rubens and Franz Hals, are not above suspicion.

THE STORY OF FOUR STOLEN PICTURES.

A STRANGE story of the adventures of four paintings is reported from Boston. Nine years ago they were stolen from the house of the late Frederick L. Ames. One of them was a small panel by Millet, the painter of the "Angelus," valued at ten thousand dollars; the other three were also small—none of

but not a trace of them could be found. They seemed to have disappeared like Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire," and Mr. Ames finally concluded that they had been destroyed.

The ending of the story reads like a tale of Gaboriau's. A murderer, it seems, was arrested in New York, and was asked if he could pay for a lawyer. He had no money, but he said he knew how fifteen hundred dollars could be obtained. His secret was the hiding place



"Wedded Bliss."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by G. Pajperius.

of the stolen Ames pictures. Negotiations were set on foot which resulted in the payment of the proffered reward, and the return of the paintings to their owner's family.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

AFTER the crowds that were drawn to

the National Academy last November by the display of women's portraits, the galleries seemed distressingly empty during the regular winter exhibition in December. It is discouraging to every one who cares for the advancement of American art, with all that the phrase implies, to admit that lack of popular



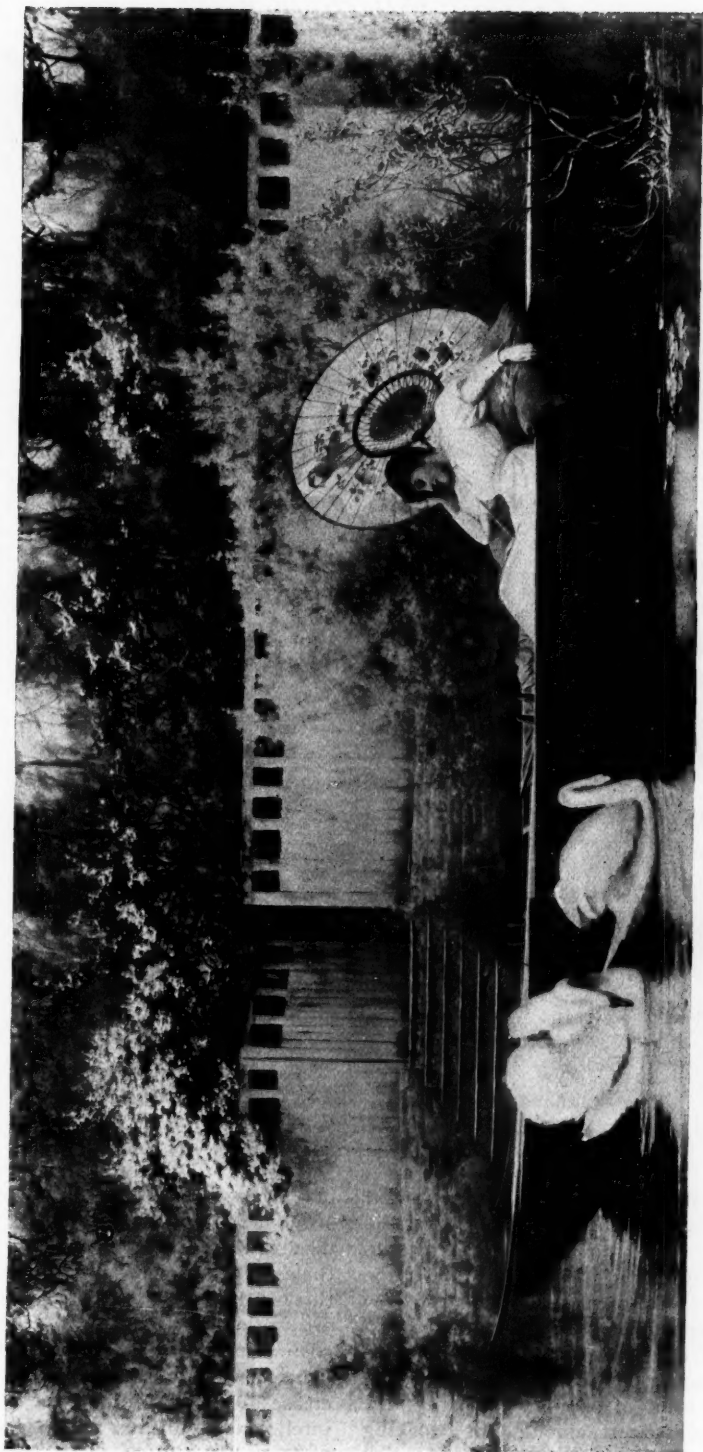
"In Charge."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Meyer von Bremen.

interest is a disadvantage with which our artists' societies have to contend, and will have to contend for many years to come. The happy day when any of them will receive the public support given to the Paris Salons and the London Academy is unfortunately far distant.

The critics have agreed that this season's exhibition at the New York Acad-

emy was an undistinguished one. Something of the same sort is heard almost every winter. The critics are hard to please. They seem to expect that the art of painting in oils, which is at least five centuries old, should each year show a perceptible advance. Such a demand would of course be impossible. Progress must be noted broadly by



"A Foretaste of Summer."
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by E. G. Nightingale.



"In a Game Preserve."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Max Correggio.

comparing the product of one period with that of another; and such a test the present generation of American artists certainly need not fear. If it be doubted, compare the work of the younger members of the Academy with that of one or two of the veterans who in an earlier day did good service to art.

The want of popular sympathy, the lack of concert among our working forces, the diversion to Europe of much

of our best talent—these are causes that act and react upon one another to the disadvantage of art in America. Nevertheless, in spite of them, the record of this century—our first as a factor in the art world—has been one of marvelous advancement. We believe that that advancement will continue, with the increase of our wealth and the spread of intellectual culture, until New York will one day rank as an art center with



"Sweet Lavender."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Paul Heydel.



"The Emperor's Favorite Flowers."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographie Company after the painting by F. Sanderland.

London and Paris. But that day is not near.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

AN American artist who has lived in Paris for more than twenty years seldom finally tears himself away from the city on the Seine; yet that is what Henry Mosler has recently done. He has

come back to America, where three decades ago he was a war correspondent, and has opened a studio in New York.

The American colony at the French capital still has in its ranks Ridgway Knight, Frederick Bridgman, Elizabeth Gardner, Henry Bacon, and other painters of note. Whistler, too, has left London for Paris; while Edwin A.



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"The Awakening of Love."

From the painting by Otto Lingner—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"A Rose Among the Heather."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Schwertzen.

Abbey seems to have joined Sargent, now an A. R. A., as a permanent settler in England. Carl Marr, who was born in Milwaukee, has lately become a professor at the Munich Academy. These names, with others that might be added, show the extent of that diversion of American talent to Europe of which we spoke in the preceding paragraph.

Mr. Bridgman, of whom a portrait is given on page 448, is one of the fore-

most of our artistic absentees. He was born at Tuskegee, Alabama, forty seven years ago, studied in Brooklyn, and while yet under twenty went to Paris and became a pupil of Gerome. He has had especial success in following up one line of that master's work—his studies of oriental genre. For many years Algiers has been Mr. Bridgman's favorite field, with its curious mixture of Arab camel drivers, French zouaves,



"Country Neighbors."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Jean Aubert.

and cosmopolitan tourists. He has journeyed, too, through Egypt and far up the Nile, pencil and sketchbook in hand.

Though his headquarters have been in Paris for some twenty five years, Mr. Bridgman is a member of both the Na-

tional Academy and the Society of American Artists.

A FAMOUS PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

HARDLY any European painter is better represented on this side of the Atlantic than the late Johann Georg Meyer,



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"Hedda."

From the painting by Wilhelm Wolff—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

distinguished from numerous namesakes as Meyer von Bremen. His work is to be found in almost every American collection of any importance; and its popularity in Germany is equally great. Few artists, indeed, have so touched the great heart of humanity as Meyer with

his paintings of child life, of which a characteristic specimen—one of his last—is given on page 450.

Bremen was Meyer's birthplace, but he studied at Düsseldorf, and spent most of his working life in Berlin, where he died just eight years ago.

THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON.*

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "One of the Profession," "Allan Kane's Friend," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THE Deans were a happy household until Estelle Osgood, the leading woman of the "Borrowed Plumes" company, and an old love of Gilbert Dean's, came between husband and wife. Dean and the actress realize the hopelessness of their love, and the danger it threatens, but despite Estelle's remonstrances Gilbert persists in communicating with her. The wife's suspicions are finally aroused, and when the "Borrowed Plumes" company plays in Islington, she goes to the hotel where Estelle is stopping and there encounters her husband. She bitterly reproaches him, and an angry conversation ensues which is overheard by some of the hotel employees.

On the following morning Mrs. Dean is found dead in her house, and marks on her throat point conclusively to violence. Gilbert has not passed the night at home, and at the inquest circumstantial testimony against him is so damaging that a warrant is issued for his arrest. The detectives follow him to Schenectady, and when taken into custody his own words form but another link in the chain of evidence which is steadily dragging him to his doom.

XII.

IT was the day of the trial. The court room was packed to suffocation, and those who could not get inside formed groups in the halls and on the street without, all discussing the one absorbing topic.

Dean had protested his innocence from the first, but even those who had been his closest friends had their faith in him staggered, not only by the evidence brought forward at the inquest, but by his own words when apprehended in the hotel at Schenectady. What his defense would be none knew except his lawyer, Philip Wilton, a Lakefield chum of his, who had been summoned from New York to take charge of the case.

The State was represented by Amos Grymes, the district attorney, who entered upon this trial with almost savage delight. It furnished him the opportunity he had dearly craved. He was ambitious for political advancement. What mattered it to him whether this advancement were built upon the grave of a fellow man? He had no sentiment in his cold nature. He did not know the meaning of an emotion. The

conviction of Dean meant glory for him, and what was Dean to him? What was any man to him?

"Every one for himself in this world," was Grymes' creed. "The world has always been against my family—against me. I have progressed simply because I have fought the world, and now I have made a start, I'll show them that a Grymes can compel recognition."

Amos Grymes was not a comely man to look upon. He was of a stubby type, with square jaw and heavy features—almost sullen, they were. His hands were hard, with stumpy fingers. The fiber of the man was coarse. Avarice and ambition were the passions of his life. He had risen to be district attorney through the manipulation of machine politics. His strength lay with the worst element. This tragedy at the Deans' had set on fire his miserable soul. He saw at once opening before him visions of power that had hitherto seemed afar off.

A hush as of death fell upon the room when the prisoner was brought in. The most morbid of the spectators could not have imagined a change in him more awful than was the reality. There was a dullness in the eye, a languor in the carriage, a droop of the shoulders, that made him as different from the Gilbert Dean of yore as pale moonbeams differ from the radiant shafts of sunlight.

The judge entered and took his seat, a jury was sworn in, and then the clerk of the court read the indictment, charging Gilbert Dean with the murder of his wife, Louise Dartmouth Dean. Thereupon Amos Grymes stepped forth, and made a presentation of the case.

"The crime which I shall seek to bring home to its proper source," he said, among other things, "is one of peculiar atrociousness. Not the greed of gain, nor the desire of revenge, nor the stroke that seeks its victim in a moment of passion—with none

*This story began in the November, 1894, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

of these do we have to deal. Cold, deliberate, unprovoked murder confronts us, and should the guilty one escape, through any false sympathy due to hitherto good standing in the community, it will be a blot upon the justice of our county that can never be effaced."

Grymes then proceeded to state what he proposed to prove, which was that the prisoner could not be more plainly guilty than if he had been taken red handed in the very act.

The district attorney now called the first witness, a maid in the service of Mrs. Dean. She testified that she had admitted her mistress to the house about five o'clock in the afternoon preceding the tragedy; that Mrs. Dean had seemed much disturbed in mind, and scarcely tasted of her dinner. She stated furthermore that Mr. Dean did not come home according to his custom.

"He was not in the habit, then, of staying away from this meal?" asked Grymes.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good," said the attorney, with such a look of satisfaction that the poor witness came near breaking down on the stand, fearing that she had said something to convict her master.

"Will you kindly state," Grymes went on, "when was the next time you saw Mr. Dean?"

"Not till this blessed minute as I see him now afore me, God have mercy on us all."

"Never mind sentiment," snapped Grymes, adding: "But the fact that you did not see him would not prevent his having come to the house without your knowledge? He carried a latch key, did he not?"

"Yes, sir, always."

"At what time did you retire on the night of the murder?"

"About ten, sir."

"And you were roused by no noise during the night?"

"No, sir."

"Were you ever aroused by any noise in the night?"

"I can't just think now, but I suppose, sir, I have been."

"I dare say. In case a burglar had effected an entrance, you might have heard him without being sufficiently awakened to be alarmed?"

"Oh, sir, I don't know."

"Are you a light sleeper?"

"Yes, sir, I think I am."

Grymes then proceeded to another point of attack.

"When you came down stairs the next morning did you pass out by the front door for any purpose?"

"Yes, sir; to sweep off the piazza."

"Did you notice that the lock of the door had been tampered with in any way?"

"No, sir."

"And when you came to open the windows, did you find anything wrong about them?"

"No, sir."

"And was there any silver or jewelry or money missing from the house?"

"No, sir; not a thing."

This witness was then dismissed, and the cook was called, and put through an almost similar catechism. Her answers were to the same end—that no alarm was heard in the night, that nothing was missing in the morning, no locks broken, nor was there any evidence about the place to show that any stranger had been there.

A chambermaid from the Forest King House was next placed on the stand, and after testifying as to her name and occupation, had this question put to her by Grymes:

"Did you, or did you not, hear high voices coming from the ladies' parlor in the hotel on the afternoon preceding the murder?"

"I did, sir."

"Was it a man's or a woman's voice that seemed to be the most threatening?"

"A man's voice, sir."

"Could you catch what he said?"

"Yes, sir; some of it."

"Will you tell the jury what you heard?"

"Well, sir, one thing he said was, 'You shall not get away,' very savage-like."

Profound sensation in the court. Grymes' stubby mustache raised itself slightly, making about his mouth a close approach to a smile. Dean made a quick movement as if about to speak, then sank back listlessly.

"You have no means of knowing, of course," Grymes went on, "to whom this remark was addressed?"

"Yes, sir, I have," answered the witness; "because the next minute Mrs. Dean rushed out of the room like as if she had tore herself loose from somebody a holding of her."

Another sensation, and another gleam of satisfaction in the district attorney's covetous eyes.

"Did you hear anything else after Mrs. Dean had taken her departure?" he now went on.

"Yes, sir."

There was breathless silence in the court,

and heads were eagerly craned not to lose a syllable of the testimony that was about to be submitted.

"Will you tell the jury what you heard? What remark did the prisoner make just after his wife had gone?"

"He said that he would find a way to silence her, that the actress woman need not be alarmed."

A low murmur of indignation swept through the court room, which was checked by the judge. Again Dean started up as if to protest, but once more sank back, with the same hopeless look in his eyes.

"What response, if any, did Miss Myrwin make to this?" proceeded Grymes.

"She spoke quite low, sir, and I could not rightly hear, but it sounded like, 'I won't be talked about in that way, Gilbert. You must defend my good name.'"

"Are you quite certain she spoke to the prisoner as 'Gilbert'?"

"Yes, sir; I heard that quite distinctly."

"What response did he make?"

"He said that it was shameful; that he didn't care whether it was his wife or not; that he was going to make her right the wrong she had done them, if it took force to do it."

"You are certain the prisoner made use of the word 'force'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he seem to speak in anger?"

"Yes, sir."

"What else did they say?"

"I couldn't hear all."

"Tell the jury, please, what you did hear."

"Well, there was something about her having 'made his life miserable,' that she was 'a millstone about his neck.'"

"What else did you hear?"

"Nothing else, except a noise as if he was coming out, and then we hurried to get away."

"You say 'we.' Who else was with you in the hall?"

"Johnny Crump, and Mrs. Mix, who had a room on that floor."

These two were then called to the stand in quick succession, and corroborated all that the chambermaid had said up to the point where Mrs. Dean had left the room. They had both retreated at that stage, but the boy came back in time to hear the prisoner say that somebody was a millstone about his neck.

Grymes had spent much labor upon these witnesses. He had sought frequent interviews with them, and by patient manipulation had succeeded in molding their

testimony into the shape it finally took. He next brought forward a cigar dealer who had seen Dean come out of the Forest King House at half past five.

"You are acquainted with the prisoner?" questioned Grymes.

"Yes; he has often bought cigars of me."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes; I said, 'Good evening, Mr. Dean.'"

"And what reply did he make?"

"None."

"Was he in the habit of ignoring you in this way?"

"No; he was always very friendly."

"Which way did he go? Toward his home?"

"No; in the opposite direction."

"Did he appear to be walking as though he had an object in view?"

"No; sometimes he would move fast, and at others slow."

"Where did you lose sight of him?"

"At the corner of Elm and Hawk Streets, where I turned off to go home and get my supper."

The State's next witness was a woman residing on Hawk Street, who had been standing at her gate watching for her husband to come home. She testified to seeing the prisoner pass about a quarter past six, and to thinking it strange to see him in that part of the town. Then came a farmer from Raymond Falls, who had passed Dean on the road to that village.

"Was he walking toward Raymond Falls?" asked Grymes.

"Yes."

"Was it light enough for you to be sure it was the prisoner?"

"Yes; the sun hadn't gone down yet."

"Just in what part of the road was this? Were there any houses near?"

"No; it was by that piece of woodland of Deacon Myers'."

Dr. Blauvelt was now called and declared that he met the prisoner a few moments after the farmer had passed him.

"How do you know this?"

"Because within five minutes I overtook the farmer."

"Which way was the prisoner walking when you saw him?"

"Towards Islington."

"Then he must have turned around in the road without stopping anywhere?"

"Presumably, as there was no place for him to stop."

Another witness next testified to seeing the prisoner on Liberty Street at eight o'clock.

"In what direction was he walking?"

"Eastward."

"That is to say, in the direction of Raymond Falls?"

"Yes."

"Was he walking fast or slow?"

"Slow; almost sauntering, you might say."

"Was it not dark by this time?"

"Yes."

"How then can you be certain that it was the prisoner you saw?"

"Because I met him under a street lamp."

Mrs. Hallohan, residing in a tenement opposite the Dartmouth factory, being duly sworn, stated that she had seen the prisoner enter his office in the factory, with a key, a little after eight o'clock. A constable was then called who told of meeting Dean just as he was coming down the steps from his office, somewhat after ten. Next John Upton repeated the testimony he had given at the inquest.

"Can you swear that he had just left his home?" asked Grymes.

"I am quite certain of it."

"You saw him turn out from the gate, then?"

"Yes."

"You said you spoke to him. What did you say?"

"I called out, 'Hello, you're going the wrong way!'"

"And what reply did he make?"

"None."

"Do you think he heard you?"

"He must have."

That there should be no doubt of this, Grymes now produced another witness, who had started to the station to meet a friend he expected on the midnight train.

"When did you first catch sight of the prisoner?" asked the attorney.

"As a quick moving shadow coming down the driveway from his house."

"You say 'quick moving'; was the prisoner running?"

"I should say he was."

"But he slowed up before reaching the gate?"

"Yes."

"Do you think he saw you?"

"I don't know."

"Did you see Mr. Upton?"

"I did."

"Did you hear him call out to the prisoner as he has stated?"

"Yes."

"Then the prisoner must have heard, too, as you were farther from the speaker than he was?"

"I should say he must."

"Where did the prisoner go then?"

"To the station, just ahead of me."

"Then what became of him?"

"He swung himself on to the last car of the Albany train, which was just moving out."

The conductor and brakeman of this train, and the night clerk from the hotel in Schenectady, were now examined, and their evidence went to show that the prisoner was in a highly nervous, almost dazed condition on the night of the murder.

But Grymes did not rest here. He fully realized the influence Dean's hitherto high standing in Islington might have upon popular opinion in the way of awakening sympathy for him. To checkmate this he had gone to Lakefield, the prisoner's native place, and by skilful maneuvering, and with untiring patience, had unearthed boyish quarrels and escapades long since forgotten by nearly all concerned in them. He brought witnesses to Islington to prove that Dean was cursed with an ungovernable temper, and that while he had always made a fair showing outwardly, his heart was black. According to these deponents, Gilbert Dean had not a spark of gratitude in his nature, lived only to gratify his senses, and had married for money.

To be sure, the men who swore to these things were rather threadbare, disreputable looking specimens of humanity themselves. Envy of the high estate to which their fellow townsman had attained might not have been influential in inducing them to assent to Grymes' desires; but "give a dog a bad name and hang him." The astute district attorney had laboriously prepared his ground, and the seed he sowed in it instantly sprang up and bore the desired fruit.

From this phase of the accused's character Grymes passed to the affair with Marie Myrwin, the actress, with the intention of showing the actuating motive for the crime. Witnesses were brought from Albany to prove that the two were together there, and the keen scented attorney even found out about the deception Dean had practised on his wife. Eugene Illford was placed on the stand to prove it.

"You are a friend of the prisoner, I believe?" began Grymes.

"Well, a business acquaintance, say, rather."

"But you always had a high opinion of his character?"

"Yes."

"Have you any reason to suppose he de-

ceived his wife with regard to a visit to Albany in your company?"

"In the light of late events, I am compelled to believe that he did."

"Do you recognize this card?" went on Grymes, passing the piece of pasteboard over to him.

"Yes; it is the card I wrote at his office the day I called there and found him out."

"What did the prisoner say with regard to the card?"

"He said that he had never seen it; that it must have blown out of the window."

"Out of the office window, he meant, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And yet that card was found on Mrs. Dean's dressing table. How do you account for that?"

"I cannot account for it."

"You gathered from your call at the house, did you not, that the prisoner was not anxious to have you meet his wife?"

"Yes."

"And does this not lead you to infer that the prisoner had been leading a double life?"

"I confess I have been very much surprised in him."

While this testimony was not so directly damaging as the rest, yet, coming as it did from a friend of the accused, it had a marked effect on the jury, as tending to show the dark strain in Dean's character and his capacity for blinding the eyes of those who were about him. As the trial proceeded, and the coil of evidence circled more and more tightly about the prisoner, Grymes pursued the trail with increased ferocity. His own fame was spreading daily. His name figured prominently in all the newspapers, and "Grymes Springs a Fresh Clincher" was the heavy head line that more than once stirred his soul with a sense of triumph. He rested his side of the case with perfect confidence in the outcome.

XIII.

PHILIP WILTON, Dean's counsel, although a young man, had already established a good reputation in the metropolis. He had known Dean since they were both in knickerbockers, and had a stanch belief in his friend's innocence; but in his attempt to establish it he found himself confronted with a herculean task.

He began the defense with a well worded plea against the monstrosity of sending an innocent man to his death on circumstantial evidence, citing numerous instances where this had actually been done.

His first witnesses were some of the solid business men of Islington, who testified to Dean's integrity in every transaction they had had with him. These were followed by citizens of Lakefield, who in refutation of the stories told by the prosecution, related how Gilbert Dean had always been, so far as they knew, an honorable, well conducted boy and man. Then came the sensational feature of the defense—Estelle's appearance on the stand.

When she entered the court room the reporters from the newspapers of three cities put fresh points to their pencils in anticipation of some particularly spicy revelations. Her face was like marble, not only in its whiteness, but in its immobility. She had known what to expect in facing such an assemblage, and had steeled herself to show no sign of the anguish that threatened to unseat her reason. Only the dire necessity of having to earn her livelihood had enabled her to play since that awful moment when she had learned of Mrs. Dean's death.

She had read the evidence brought forward at the inquest, but did not realize how black it made the case look for Gilbert till now, when she could see stony despair in the face of the man in the prisoner's dock. And yet, not one jot did her belief in his innocence abate. The Gilbert Dean she had known as boy and man simply could not commit so atrocious a crime; that was enough for her. That he could clear himself she had not an atom of doubt—till she looked upon him at this moment. There was a hopeless misery in his expression that told of ambition dead, of the extinction of all expectation of freedom.

And yet, to Estelle's eyes at least, this abandonment to despair was not the abandonment of guilt. It was simply the physical breaking down of the man beneath his terrible burden. "And it has all been through me," she told herself bitterly. "If I had not sent for him that night in Beverley, he would not have come to this!"

In spite of all her determination, her agitation when placed on the stand was pitiful. She could not but be conscious of the detestation in which she was held in Islington. Indeed, none took any pains to hide it from her.

She testified to having known the prisoner about twenty years, admitted that they had quarreled and separated, and that she had never expected to see him again until they met in the autumn.

Then, coming down to the interview with Mrs. Dean at the Forest King House, Wilton attempted to show the falseness

of the testimony of the listeners in the hall.

"Just previous to Mrs. Dean's withdrawal from the room, did the prisoner say to her, 'You shall not get away'?"

"No, he did not."

"Can you recall what he did say?"

"I am not sure, but it was not that, I am certain. What he meant was, that he did not wish her to leave in that mood."

"Well, then," Wilton proceeded, "have you any recollection of the prisoner saying he would find a way to silence her?"

"I am sure he never said that."

"You heard the testimony of the chamber-maid from the Forest King House?"

"I did."

"Now can you recall addressing the prisoner in the words of that witness: 'I won't be talked about in that way. You must defend my good name'?"

"I may have said that. I was very much agitated."

"One more question, Miss Osgood. Did the prisoner say his wife had made his life miserable, that she was a millstone about his neck?"

"No, he did not; that is wholly false."

Grymes now took up the cross examination of the actress. It was difficult for him to conceal the satisfaction he derived from this portion of his task. He knew that each question would act as a probe upon a still bleeding wound, but that inspired in him no compassion. The sentiment was foreign to his nature.

"In the direct examination," he began, "you stated your belief that the prisoner did not wish his wife to leave the room in that mood. To what mood did you refer?"

"She was very much excited."

"Can you state what had excited her?"

"The interview. She did not know that her husband and I were such old friends, and thought it strange that he should come to the hotel to see me."

"Very good. You affirmed on the direct examination that the prisoner did not say he would find a way to silence her. But two witnesses are agreed that he did say it. Now can you recollect his saying anything that was similar; some sentence with the word 'silence' in it?"

Estelle reflected an instant and then answered,

"He may have said something to the effect that the only thing we could do was to keep silent about the matter."

"That does not sound much like the words the other two witnesses testify to having heard. Do you not think that your agita-

tion—you admitted under my opponent's examination that you were agitated—do you not think that this agitation may have weakened your memory?"

"It may have to some extent, but I am sure there was nothing threatening to Mrs. Dean said."

"But you cannot state just what was said?"

"No, I cannot."

Estelle then left the stand, and a recess was taken. Held in abhorrence as she was in the town, her testimony had added little to strengthen Dean's case. None doubted that the actress would not hesitate to perjure herself if thereby she might help the man over whom, to their eyes, she had cast her spell.

XIV.

WHEN the court reconvened, Dean himself was placed on the stand, and invited to account for his whereabouts on the night of the murder.

"At what time did you leave the Forest King House?" asked Wilton.

"About six o'clock."

"Do you recall seeing Thomas Stearns, the cigar dealer, as you came out?"

"No, I do not remember recognizing any one."

"Where did you go first?"

"Nowhere in particular. The scene with my wife had left me in a very excited frame of mind."

"But you have some knowledge of the direction in which you walked?"

"I only know that after I had been walking for some time I found myself on the road to Raymond Falls."

"About what time was this?"

"Sunset; about seven o'clock."

"What did you do then? Had you any purpose in going to Raymond Falls?"

"No; I did not go there. I turned around and walked back toward town."

"Why did you take this long, purposeless walk?"

"I was trying to plan out some course of action."

"Where did you go when you reached town?"

"To my office."

"What time was this?"

"About a quarter past eight."

"Did you enter your office?"

"No."

"Was there any one at the office besides yourself?"

"No."

"Did any one see you enter?"

"I don't know."

"What did you do after you reached your office?"

"I sat down and continued studying the problem before me."

"You had no supper, then?"

"No."

"How long did you remain in your office?"

"I do not know. I did not look at my watch."

"But you must have some idea whether it was one hour, or two, or three?"

"I should say I was there from two to three hours."

"Where did you go when you left the office?"

"Nowhere in particular. I wandered up and down the streets."

"How much time did you spend in this way?"

"Fully half an hour, I should think."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to my own home."

"Did you enter the house?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I felt that I could not yet face my wife."

"But you were inside the grounds?"

"Yes."

"How long did you remain there?"

"I have no means of telling for certain."

"Were there any lights in the house?"

"Yes, there was a light in the dining room."

"What did you do next?"

"I heard the whistle of the midnight train, and I suddenly determined to go to the station and board it."

"Had you any object in mind in thus leaving town?"

"None in particular. I was still dazed by the affair at the hotel. I was restless and excited, scarcely accountable for what I did."

"Did you run from the house to the gate?"

"I started to, as I feared I might miss the train. Then I remembered that it did not matter so very much if I did miss it."

"Did you see any one as you passed out at the gate?"

"Yes; I saw a man across the street."

"Did you recognize him?"

"Not until he spoke. Then I knew it was John Upton."

"Why did you not reply?"

"Because I was not in a mood for conversation."

"Had you any idea where you would go when you boarded the train?"

"No; I simply wanted to get away from the place where I had been through so much misery."

"You did not stop to purchase a ticket, then?"

"No."

"What did you say to the conductor when he came through?"

"I told him I wanted to pay my way to Albany, as I had had no time to buy a ticket."

"Which you did?"

"Yes."

"You then left the train at Schenectady. Why did you do this?"

"For no special reason. A man is liable to do unaccountable things after he has been told by his wife that she does not wish to have anything more to do with him."

"When the officers entered your room at the hotel the next morning and announced that you were wanted on a charge of murder, why did you exclaim, 'Is she dead?'"

"When I heard the word 'murder' from the officer's lips, the horrible thought flashed over me that it was my wife—that she was dead."

Grymes now took up the cross examination of the prisoner.

"When you left the Forest King House," he asked, "did you not at first walk at a rather fast gait?"

"I may have done so. I do not fully recall the speed at which I moved."

"And the direction in which you at first turned would have taken you to your own home, would it not?"

"Yes."

"Can you give the jury any reason why you walked toward Raymond Falls?"

"No reason except that I was very much disturbed in mind, and did not care where I went."

"You were thinking of your wife, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And it occurred to you, doubtless, that things might have been much more harmonious had she not called on Miss Osgood that afternoon?"

"Yes."

"This, then," Grymes went on, "accounted for your perturbed feelings?"

"Yes."

"You say you cannot account for your walking toward Raymond Falls; can you give any explanation of your suddenly

ceasing to go in that direction, and turning back toward Islington?"

"No, I cannot, beyond what I have already said about my state of mind."

"You were still thinking about your wife, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Do you recall coming to some sudden decision in regard to your course of action at the moment when you turned in your tracks?"

Grymes looked very intently at the prisoner as he put this question.

Dean reflected an instant before replying, and then answered, "No."

"But there must have been some cause to induce you to turn about at that particular point?" persisted Grymes.

"There may have been, but my brain was in such a distracted condition that I have lost all memory of it," replied Dean wearily.

"When you went to your office," the district attorney proceeded, "did you have a light there?"

"No."

"Were you in the habit of going to your office in the evening and sitting in the dark to meditate?"

"No."

"Did you ever do such a thing before?"

"No."

"If you heard of another man doing it, would you not think it strange, not to say ridiculous?"

"I suppose I should."

"When you waited till about eleven o'clock to return to your own home, did you have any special object in this delay?"

"No; I had not thought till then about going back at all."

"At what time were your servants in the habit of shutting up the house and going to bed?"

"At ten o'clock."

"You have stated that you saw a light in your dining room. Did it not occur to you as strange at that hour?"

"No; I merely supposed that my wife was still sitting up."

"Were you in the habit of occupying the dining room as a sitting room?"

"We sometimes remained there in the evening."

"Where did you usually sit?"

"In the library."

"Where is that?"

"On the second floor."

"Would you not consider it strange in a husband to come to his house after eleven at night and approach to within a few feet of the room where he knew his wife was awaiting him, then turn about suddenly and hurry away?"

"I might as a general thing, but in my own case I had no reason for supposing that my wife was awaiting me."

"You admit, then, that you had parted in anger?"

"No; there was only a misunderstanding between us."

"A misunderstanding that you believed you could not explain away, otherwise you would not have turned about and rushed off to catch that train. Is this what the court is to conclude?"

"No; I could explain it away. My wife was wrong."

"Why, then, did you not go in and convince her of the fact?"

"Because I had already endeavored to do so, and failed."

"Yet you knew this when you came back to your house. You must have changed your mind suddenly!"

"I did."

"Without any special reason for it?"

"None except that the hopelessness of the task just at that time came over me with convincing power."

"Then you are inclined to believe that had you entered the dining room, and proceeded to argue the matter with her, she would not have taken it kindly?"

"I have no belief in the matter."

"Then perhaps you have some knowledge?"

"No; I cannot make any statement as to what would have been the outcome of an interview that did not take place."

"And yet you have said that the hopelessness of trying to convince your wife that she had wronged you, was what caused you to leave the grounds. Is not this equivalent to admitting that an interview at the time would have been of a somewhat distressing nature?"

"I suppose it is, but as there was no interview, I do not see of what importance any guesswork on my part as to its nature can be."

But Grymes did. He asked no more questions. He seemed perfectly content with what he had already learned. The case was then adjourned to permit of a summing up of the evidence.

(To be continued.)

BITTEE.

By Jerome Case Bull.

BITTEE was known as the Chinaman's baby. The Chinaman was Loong, the cook at the logging camp at Fingan's, which is among the redwoods of the Russian River country, in the Coast Range of California.

As a matter of fact, she was not the Chinaman's baby at all. He had found her one day in his kitchen, creeping about the floor after an evasive kitten. There were no families in the logging camp other than his own, and she could not have wandered into the place from elsewhere, for she was hardly old enough to walk. He lifted her in his arms and said plainly:

"Where you clume flum, bebbly?"

He prided himself on his English. But good as it was, the baby did not understand.

"You no sabbe, bebbly, where you clume flum?" he asked again.

If she did "sabbe" she was not able to tell him. She gave no answer but a coo. She was immensely taken with the Chinaman. And Loong, who had once had a little child of his own, thought of that Chinese baby, sleeping now in the tombs of his ancestors across the Yellow Sea.

The memory of his own, perhaps the love he may have had for it, put a strange thought into his head. He put the child on the floor, and going out made a hasty search of the neighborhood. He found no one. On the path to Fingan's, however, he discovered fresh prints of a horse's hoofs. There were no horses in the camp, only oxen.

It was afternoon; the loggers would not return until sundown; not a soul was about. Taking the baby in his arms he carried her down a path through the chaparral, across the creek, to his own small shanty. A Chinawoman met him at the door.

"What have you?" she said in Chinese.

His answer satisfied the woman, for she took the baby from him and began to fumble about its clothes.

"What is this?" she exclaimed.

In her hand she held a fold of paper and a twenty five cent piece—"two bits."

The paper was covered with writing, but

neither Loong nor his wife stopped to pick out the words. They surmised its contents, and jabbered away in Chinese concerning the child. Dinner in the eating house was late that night, and the loggers swore at the Chinaman for keeping them waiting.

"Whuf faw?" he answered them. "Too muchie hully no can cook."

At his cabin the Chinaman found, when he returned, that his woman had put the baby to bed. They had a bowl of rice together and some fat fried pork. Then Loong brought out the piece of paper they had found in the baby's clothes, and before a candle on the table he set to work to decipher it. He was not a graduate of the University of Pekin; had he been he would have given up the dialect of the redwoods, in which the note was written, as not being the English with which he was familiar. Fortunately that dialect was the only English Loong knew. Word by word he picked out the note before him, until he had in good Chinese characters the equivalent of the writing. This he read to his wife:

"This yer kid belongs to the richest man in Soonoma Kounty. He don't desurve no kid—he's the meanest man in Californy—he's a cut throt en a thiev en a skondril. Killin's tu good fer him. The kid's wurth a pile tu enybody thet 'll keep it. There on tu me er I'd du it meself."

The note had no signature; it bore simply the date, "July, '65."

Satisfying himself with his translation, and having convinced his wife of the value of keeping the child, Loong set to work to destroy the baby's identity. The child's black hair, excepting a small tuft in the center of the head, was cut short, and the scalp shaved close. About the tuft was tied a small yellow ribbon. When the baby was taken from the bed the next morning, she was dressed in the garments Loong's own little child had worn; and as Bittée, the Chinaman's baby, the little life that had crept so mysteriously into the logging camp went on. She was called Bittée after the piece of money—the "two bits"—found in her dress.

It was a matter of some remark among the loggers that their cook should have been a father for several months without their slightest knowledge of the fact. In a logging camp of those days custom prescribed a celebration over the advent of anything unusual. The birth of a baby—even a Chinese baby—was unusual, and through Loong's apparent secrecy the loggers felt that they had been cheated out of a "time."

"Oh, you no can sabbe bebbie," was Loong's only answer when the matter was brought to him.

* * * * *

The news of the kidnapping of a child in San Rafael was a ten days' sensation in that part of the coast, made so by the prominence of the child's parents. The father was known the length of the State as "Redwood" Banks. His little girl had been stolen from the veranda of his residence during the nurse's momentary absence; and although an alarm had been given immediately, and a fortune spent in trying to find her, no clue to her whereabouts had ever been found. And as years went by the mysterious disappearance was forgotten. The child's mother had died; Banks himself had given up hope of earthly things. The loss of his baby had made him over. He was convinced she had not been stolen for a reward; he had offered a hundred thousand dollars for her return, but in vain. He realized that he was a hated man; and to this fact he attributed his loss. The child was dead, he felt sure.

* * * * *

The eighteen years from '65 to '83 made little difference in the redwood country. The ranges of mountains stretching along the coast had yielded millions of feet of lumber, yet hardly at all did the mighty forests seem to have been disturbed. Here and there on the mountain sides were spots where the trees had been thinned out, and now and then heaps of red sawdust marked the site of a sawmill. When the railroad came into the Russian River country, the camps moved back into the depths of the forest, where there were better choppings.

In one of these camps, six or eight miles from the mill which still saved trees into lumber at Pingan's, Loong, the Chinaman, still cooked for a loggers' eating house. Near by, across the creek which tumbled down from the canyon above, was his shanty, half hidden among the chaparral and scrub pines. There, cooking the meal of rice and fat pork, amid fumes of odorous smoke, was Bittee. No longer the "China-

man's baby," she had now grown to be the "Chinaman's girl." Eighteen years in the family of a Mongolian, with no other associates than those of the Chinese about her, had made a Chinawoman of her. That she did not look like one, had often been remarked by the loggers who passed the shanty; but that she was anything else had never been suggested. She spoke the language of her adopted parents, dressed in the pajama jeans and flappy sandals of the coolie woman, and lived a life almost of solitude. Loong's wife had grown old and wrinkled, and worked no more. The other children—there had been two boys born since Bittee's coming—were at work elsewhere in the redwoods.

Once the Chinese cook of a neighboring camp had wanted to marry Bittee, and had offered Loong five hundred dollars for her hand, a big sum for a wife; it would have purchased a dozen in China; but nevertheless Loong decided against the match without hesitancy. What he was waiting for he hardly knew. He had heard of the rewards offered for the return of the lost child, and he was sure that Bittee was that child; but he had not dared to take advantage of his knowledge. He knew that he would be suspected; that meant that he would be lynched.

Years passed. Time made his course less certain than ever. Once, as he hit his pipe of opium in the close, back room of the shanty at the China camp down the river, he had seen Bittee dissolve in the small blue cloud of joy before him, and in her place had come a flock of golden birds. They swarmed about him, and each bird laid a golden egg, then flew away. It was after that that he had refused Bittee to the Chinaman.

But one day there came into the logging camp a new chopper. He had the Saxon's powerful build and fair hair. His name was Ford. He was set to work in a canyon behind the eating house, and in coming and going he had to pass the door of the Chinaman's shanty. The first day he saw the Chinaman's girl washing clothes in the creek, and as he passed her on the rocks he smiled and said, "Jo sun."

Bittee saw that he was a new man, and answered, "Good morning, sir."

Ford stopped; her English was much better than his Chinese, and as he gazed intently at her, her strange lack of Mongolian features puzzled him. He knew Chinese women well enough not to mistake one for a white; but he had never before seen one who lacked the unmistakable features of their race—and then, the English!

All day long he drove his axe into the mighty redwood that towered high above him, slowly chipping away its life. The Chinawoman filled his thoughts. When the horn sounded the close of his day's labors, and he came out of the canyon, he stopped at the shanty by the creek and spoke again to the Chinaman's girl.

Her face strangely affected him. He studied it critically each time that he passed the shanty, and he grew more and more convinced that it was *not* the face of a Chinawoman.

In the nineteen years of her strange life Bittee had seldom exchanged a dozen words at one time with a person of her own race; still she had heard English spoken, such as it was, and Loong had been particular to have her learn English words out of a book he bought for her. Thus it was that, to some extent, she both spoke and understood her native tongue. Ford, in his desire to study her face, stopped to chat with her every day, and after a week's time Bittee began to look for him, and to await his coming with an expectancy new to her.

Possibly it was a month before the chopper made up his mind regarding Bittee. He would have shot the man, whoever it might be, that dared to accuse him of fooling with the Chinaman's girl; but if one had taunted him with being in love with a Chinawoman, he would have calmly denied the charge, on the ground that Bittee was *not* a Chinawoman.

The intimacy of the two grew day by day. Among the men of the camp it was looked upon with growing displeasure, and Ford was tabooed from their society.

Loong was the only other man who knew the truth about the girl; and even Loong did not look upon Ford's approaches with favor. Before his almond eyes the opium dream forever floated. Bittee's right redemption meant idleness and peace for him in life, and, when he died, rest eternal in the tombs of his people. In the girl's marriage to a chopper he saw nothing of benefit. The question before him was, how could he prevent Ford from coming to his shanty? He stood in greater fear now of the men he lived among than when he had first thought of returning Bittee. The people were everywhere crying, "The Chinese must go!" The feeling against the race was hot and high on the coast at that time. Should he reveal his secret there would be but one thought—that *he* had been the original kidnapper; he would have no justice; they would lynch him. His fear of such a fate was not lessened by the occasional tales he

heard of cruelty to his race. It was only because of the excellence of his cooking that Loong had been kept in the loggers' camp at all.

It was not long before a "party" of choppers formally questioned Ford about his frequent visits to Loong's shanty. He informed them briefly that it was none of their business what his intentions were; but he told one of the choppers, more friendly to him than the others, that he intended to marry the girl. The announcement was as a firebrand in the camp. Feeling against Ford, as well as against Loong and his girl, ran high, and desperate things were freely threatened.

One morning Ford found a card pinned to the door of his cabin informing him that his relations with the Chinawoman, however honorable, must cease—the more honorable, the more need of their ceasing.

Ford was no coward. That night he went as usual to the shanty across the creek. He found a second card of advice couched in stronger terms on his door the following morning. At the eating house the men had long since refused to speak to him. He laughed to himself at their averted faces; and when night came he passed over the creek as unmindful of threats as though they had been the idle vaporings of boys rather than the ultimatum of rough and desperate men—hating without reason; acting without judgment.

The finding of a third card on his door, pinned there by the blade of a knife, bearing a crude drawing of a skull and cross bones, made Ford defiant, and he said with an oath, "Do they think to frighten me with their threats?"

But if such was the intent of the men their warnings failed. Loving Bittee as he honestly did, the threats impelled him to make assertion of his belief in the purity of her blood. He could give no stronger proof of this than by marrying the girl; and this step he determined to take at once.

As he went toward the creek that night, two men followed him. He felt their presence rather than saw it. Bittee was waiting for him at the crossing. He told her of his intent, and won her consent to the part she must play in carrying out his hasty determination. She trusted him as she did the light. Such had been Ford's influence over her, and of such value to her his companionship, that in the few short months of their acquaintance she had become almost a new woman. Naturally bright, she had changed with such noticeable rapidity that even had Ford doubted the purity of her

birth, her mental growth must have assured him of her origin. He had tried once to get information concerning the girl from Loong; but the Chinaman had given him such a fiendish look that he never mentioned the subject to him again.

It was with a feeling of wonder and surprise that Ford opened the door of his cabin the next morning to find thereon no suggestion or remembrance from his friends. He was not the more surprised to see the eating house suddenly deserted of its occupants as he entered it. But he simply said to himself that that day's doings would put a stop to all such nonsense.

And they did.

* * * * *

Over the tops of the silent redwoods, shreds of a coming fog hurried inland, making more uncertain the changing glow of the twilight fast fading in the west.

As the fog thickened it sifted down, and creeping in among the trees blurred them out one by one and brought the night.

It was nearing midnight when Ford and Bittee came hurrying back to camp through the fog and the dark, along the logging trail from Fingan's. An hour earlier they had stood before a justice of the peace at the settlement, and had been made man and wife. As they came to the last rise before descending into the camp, Ford stopped suddenly.

"What?" whispered Bittee, drawing near to him.

They listened. At first there was only the stillness of the forest; then the soft tread of many feet on the dusty path; a minute later through the fog came the half distinguishable figures of a band of men.

Perceiving the two figures in the path before them, the men stopped.

"Who are you?" called one.

Ford did not answer. The figures were moving in among the trees. He saw that they were surrounding him.

"If you ain't him, the chopper, as married the Chinawoman, say so," said the voice, "and move on."

"I'm Ford, and I'm a chopper, if that's who you're looking for," he answered them, "but I've married no Chinawoman; the man who says so *lies*. This woman here, my wife, is as white as any of you." As he said the word "wife" he drew Bittee closer to him.

"It's a lie!" shouted the men. "Up with 'em both. String 'em up!"

The words were evidently a signal, for even as they were uttered Ford heard the whizz of a *riata*. As he sprang forward, the

hide rope settled down about his neck, and his arms were pinioned by a dozen hands.

The struggle, though brief, was desperate. The men had, in Ford, no child to deal with. The chopper's great strength was redoubled by anger, and by the knowledge that he was fighting not only for his own life but for that of another who had become a part of it. Twice the cords that bound his arms snapped like threads, but he gained nothing, for the odds were a hundred to one against him, and his power only exhausted itself without bringing freedom. Soon he stood bound and gagged and helpless.

As the men had torn her away from him, Bittee had called to him once only for help. Now he could see her lying near him, bound and gagged like himself. He hoped she had fainted. Then two of the men picked her up and carried her into the forest. Ford they dragged at the end of the *riata* behind her.

There was no doubt now as to the men's intent; neither had Ford any hope of rescue. Through the black, foggy darkness they stumbled on into the depth of the redwoods. The tread of many men as they tramped over dried leaves and pushed through the thick undergrowth was the only sound. A single light guided them. At a clearing the light halted. Ford could see dimly, through the darkness, the outline of the trunks of two trees, near together. He shuddered.

Instantly a *riata* was thrown over a limb of each tree; the ends of the two ropes dangled to the ground within a few feet of each other. Under one of the ropes the insensible form of Bittee was laid. Ford was led to the other. He could offer the woman nothing now, could give her no help. As the rope was being tied about his neck, once more, with a mighty will, he tried to free himself. It was useless. The rope had tightened. For a moment all was still.

"You have time to pray," said the leader.

* * * * *

Through the redwoods, over fallen trees, through tangled brush, following the lynch-ers' path and only a few short minutes in their wake, sped the figure of Loong, the Chinaman. Crazed with fear that he might be too late, that the choppers might not believe him even though he should reach them before they had committed their awful deed, the Mongolian rushed frantically on. His one thought was to save Bittee, with whose loss died all his hope of earthly gain. They *might* believe him; he took the chances.

The men about the trees had given Ford a few short minutes for prayer; and he had taken the time. Bittee, bound, and with a rope about her neck, reaching up into the tree above her, still lay upon the ground. The man's face turned upward in silent prayer. Then, facing the men about him, he shouted in a voice hoarse with passion,

"Cowards! cowards!"

As though the words had awakened an echo from above the white mists, there came out of the heart of the redwoods a long, shrill shriek, and then another, and another. The hands upon the death ropes loosened their hold; the masked faces of the men turned from their victims to the forest; and through the brush, into the clearing, rushed the Chinaman, wild eyed and frantic.

"Whuf for make-a *kill*?" he screamed, waving his arms before him. "Whuf for make-a kill? No belong Chinawoman girl; belong white woman; make-a look, see!" In his hands he waved a paper.

"Catch-e paper, make-a say no belong Chinawoman girl," he went on wildly.

From Loong's hands the leader of the men took the paper. He studied it by the light of the torch, and as he read its contents he stumbled back.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, turning to the men, a moment later. "We're all *wrong*. We have no Chinawoman here, but the daughter of the men you're all workin' for—Banks!" And pulling off his mask he ran to the tree beneath which Ford was standing and with a knife cut him free.

"Hold up!" shouted the men. "How do you know the paper is true?"

"True?" answered the leader. "I know it's true; I wrote it myself—years ago."

Once freed, Ford hurried to Bittee, lying white and still on the ground.

"The light," he shouted as he bent over to unbind her, "bring the light!"

But even when he had loosened the cords about her she did not move. They had tied their knots too well; Bittee was dead.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word—

Like an arrow shot from a bow

By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,

Just where it will chance to go.

It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm;

To a stranger's heart in life's great mart

It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;

But with every deed you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love;

For thoughts are things, and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe—

Each thing must create its kind;

And they speed o'er the track to bring you back

Whatever went out from your mind.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A WOLF'S POINT EPISODE.

By Eugene Traughber

ROSE McClanahan was the acknowledged belle of Wolf's Point. I say "acknowledged," because nobody in that isolated section of country, two days' travel up the Missouri River by steamboat from St. Louis, would have had the temerity to dispute the fact, especially in the presence of her father. When Rose was seven years old, the governor of Missouri, en route from Jefferson City to Boonville upon one of the magnificent steamers that then navigated the swift running waters of the "Big Muddy," stepped upon the shore while the boat was "wooding up" at the landing, and catching the child in his arms, kissed her, and declared that she would some day be the handsomest woman in the old State.

So it was that when Rose was sixteen years of age, and the governor's prediction was fast emerging into a reality, her father, Jim McClanahan, was wont to swear by General Joe Shelby, his hero, that the girl would some day marry a member of the Legislature or a circuit rider.

The people of Wolf's Point were primitive in their ways, rude in manner and speech, and happy in their ignorance. Indeed, the great arc light of civilization, which now sheds its refulgent rays over a prosperous and enlightened community, was at this time spluttering like a tallow dip and continually threatening to go out.

Now and then a wandering Methodist preacher would reach the "Point" on his circuit and hold a revival. He would warn the people to free themselves from the "hip lock" of Satan, and as a rule his advice would be kindly received, and everybody would join the church. But when the preacher departed, their religious zeal rapidly subsided, and fell as low as before his arrival. Jim McClanahan was always among the first to turn away from the beckoning of Satan at the yearly revival, and to "backslide" after its close. But as he remarked on one occasion, when he was cut off from membership on account of drunkenness, "They could turn him out of the church if they had a mind to, but he'd be darned if they could keep him from being a Christian!"

During the summer months the residents of the "Point" would raise sufficient truck to last them through the winter; in the fall they voted the Democratic ticket and hunted 'possums; and in the winter they chopped cord wood and attended "break downs." In their estimation, physical prowess was the crowning trait of character, and every man was measured by his ability as a fighter. Next to fighting came fiddling, and the man who could reel off the "Arkansas Traveler" or "Chicken in the Dough Tray" occupied a position in some respects even more enviable than that of the "bully." But the man who was both a fighter and a fiddler—who can tell rightly of his fame?

Such a man was Jim McClanahan; but he had a rival in young Bud Henshaw, who was closely "crowding" him for the championship both in music and in pugilism. Notwithstanding the fact that he had set his heart upon a member of the Legislature, or a circuit rider, for a son in law, Jim had given it out that any man who would best him in a rough and tumble fight could thereby secure his consent to marry Rose. The challenge was one which none of the young men of the neighborhood had cared to take up, until Rose reached her sixteenth year. Then it was that Bud Henshaw, who had been "keeping company" with her for several months, suddenly sprang into prominence by knocking an ox down with his fist.

One afternoon, when Jim was sitting in the shade of his log house, Bud Henshaw shuffled into view.

"Hope I see you," said Jim.

"Pears to me there ain't nothing the matter with your eyesight," replied Bud.

"Better brush off your breeches and set down," Jim suggested.

"Ain't got time," Bud answered quickly. "Fact is, I came over to ax you for Rose."

"Air you a member of the Legislature, or a circuit rider?" asked Jim, with rude but biting sarcasm.

"Wall, not thet eny one knows on," was the angry reply. "But I'm the durnest best

man in these diggin's, and kin prove it, too. Air ye going to face the music?"

"You bet," replied Jim, jumping up.

Both men were strong and tough, and it was nip and tuck for five minutes. Finally Bud landed a terrible blow on the point of his adversary's jaw, and Jim went down. When he got up he calmly shook hands with his conqueror, and said, "The gal's yours."

"Thanky," briefly replied Bud, as he hurried away.

The young man's victory made him the hero of the hour at Wolf's Point, and Rose readily agreed to marry him a year later if he held the belt for that length of time.

Late in the fall Jim McClanahan received a visit from a sister who lived at Boonville, and whom he had not seen for many years. When she was ready to return, she insisted upon taking Rose with her. "I wi'll send her to school," she said to her brother, "and when she returns next summer she will be a fine lady."

The father finally consented, and Rose left her old home, with its rude but happy memories, to enter upon a new life.

Rose was naturally bright, and had vaguely longed for a better education than could be obtained at the winter school which she had attended in the "Point." She applied herself earnestly, and made rapid progress. Her aunt kept boarders; and one of them, Bob Curtis, a manly young fellow who was in business for himself, soon fell in love with the girl. His love was reciprocated, but Rose was unhappy, believing that Bud would be so enraged if she "sacked" him that he might come to Boonville and scatter the form of her city lover over the pavements. Finally she told Bob of her fears, and of the peculiar customs of her native place.

"Why, is that all?" said Curtis. "Well, I have been thinking a few days' holiday would do me good. I will just drop down to Wolf's Point and settle the matter."

Two days later, as Jim McClanahan and Henshaw were grinding a scythe blade under a tree in the former's front yard, a stranger jumped over the low rail fence and walked rapidly toward them.

"Am I addressing Mr. McClanahan?" he said politely to the older of the two men.

"You air if the court knows herself, and she thinks she do," replied Jim.

"Thanks," said the stranger curtly. "My name is Curtis, Robert Curtis, Mr. McClanahan, and I am a resident of Boonville. I met your daughter there some months ago, and I recently asked her to be

my wife. She told me of a peculiar custom that prevailed among your people, and that a Mr. Henshaw had gained the promise of her hand in marriage by whipping you. I am here now for the purpose of meeting Mr. Henshaw. I am in a hurry, and if you will tell me where he can be found I will appreciate your kindness."

"Don't hafter be found," Bud savagely interposed, instantly comprehending the situation. "I'm him. Look out for me! I'm coming!" And he rushed at Curtis.

The latter quickly stepped to one side, and planted his clinched right on the other's ear. The blow did not feli young Henshaw, but raised his anger to the highest pitch.

"Darn you," he said, "I'll show you what——"

But he never finished the sentence. Curtis' fist landed on his jaw, and the bully went down. When he got up, his antagonist upset him again, and repeated the performance several times. At length Henshaw failed to rise, and lay senseless. Curtis stood by with folded arms.

In a minute or two Bud recovered consciousness, and when he learned that he hadn't even touched Curtis during the fight, he darted out into the brush and was soon lost to view.

"Well, that gits me, as the coon said when he stepped into the trap," ejaculated Jim McClanahan. "How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was easy," replied Curtis, laughing. "He depended on brute strength, while I relied on science. By the way, have you a fiddle about the place? I always like to play something after a fight."

The fiddle was brought, and Curtis played as he had never done before. When he concluded, there were tears in Jim's eyes as he grasped Bob by the hand and said, "The gal is yours, an' I'm just as happy as er—but say, you ain't a Republican, are you?"

"I should say not," replied Curtis. "My father was with Joe Shelby for four——"

"Don't say another word," continued his father in law elect, "or I'll bust with joy! How I wish Rose was here——"

"Well, here I am," said some one; and looking around, Jim saw his daughter running from the house. "Bob and I came down together," she said, "and I slipped into the house from the other side while he was talking to you and Bud."

* * * * *

Jim McClanahan is now an old man, and while he still reveres the memory of General Joe Shelby, he doesn't swear by him any more. He swears by his son in law, Bob Curtis.

LUIGI ROSSI.

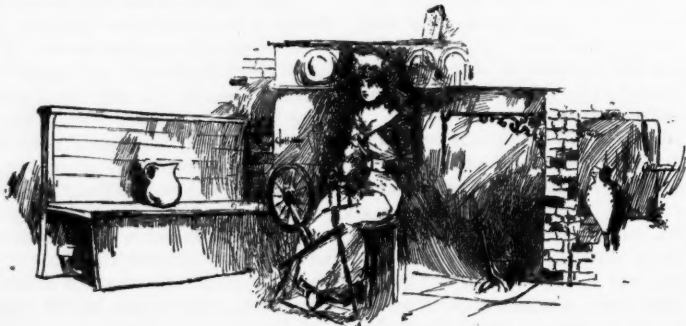
A young Parisian painter and his exquisite and original figure work—With a series of engravings from typical studies of eighteenth century costume.

SCARCELY less striking and interesting than the group of great Parisian masters that stand upon the classic heights of painting—the Geromes, the Bouguereaus, the Henners—is the French capital's remarkable assemblage of younger men who may be said to represent the advanced guard of the army of art. It is these whose brush or pencil speaks the language of the passing hour, regarding tradition and convention as less than originality and novelty. They are the experimentalists, the untiring seekers after some new thing; they are the expression of Parisian *esprit*, of the taste and the fashion of the day. They are versatility itself; they work in oil, in water color, in the various modes of black and white; they embody ideal fancies, they decorate books, they draw for the illustrated press. Their themes are as diverse as nature and humanity; yet they find their favorite field in subjects of present and human interest.

Rossi, of whose exquisite figure work some fine samples are given on the succeeding pages, is a prominent member of this younger Parisian group. He is an associate of such men as Jean Béraud, Clairin, Boutel de Monvel, Kaemmerer, and Albert Lynch. With the last two,

especially, he may be closely compared. Neither member of the trio is a Frenchman born, though each ranks among the most Parisian of artists. Kaemmerer came from Holland; Lynch from South America; Luigi Rossi—or Lucius, as he latinizes it in his signature—is an Italian by birth. Each of them is a figure painter—a painter, by preference, of beautiful women; and each of them has done striking work in his special line.

Lynch has exhibited in America, and several of his drawings have been published here; Rossi is less known on this side of the Atlantic, but is not less worthy of recognition. It would be hard to find a more exquisite thing of its kind than the series of studies reproduced herewith, representing a set of fancy dress figures in eighteenth century costume. The most skilful rendering by engraver and printer necessarily fails to convey the full charm of the dainty hues of the original water colors; yet as presented here, it is not too much to say that they are the very acme of graceful and delicate prettiness. They are more than admirable bits of drawing; they possess a distinctive character, a spirit and *verve*, that mark the work of real genius.





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"The Court Messenger."

From the painting by L. Rossi.



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"The Spanish Student."
From the painting by L. Rossi.



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"The Apothecary."

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"The Watteau Shepherd."

From the painting by L. Rossi.



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"The Village Bridegroom."

From the painting by L. Rossi.



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"The Toreador."
From the painting by L. Rossi.



"FOUR TO SIX."

CANDLES dressed in tiny skirts
Prove themselves the worst of flirts;
Roses nod to violets near,
And smilax decks the chandelier,
When pretty little Mrs. Trix
Is at home from four to six.

Fifty looks forty, and forty just right,
In the flattering glow of a rosy light;
And even a simple cup of tea
A halo wears, it seems to me,
When pretty little Mrs. Trix
Is at home from four to six.

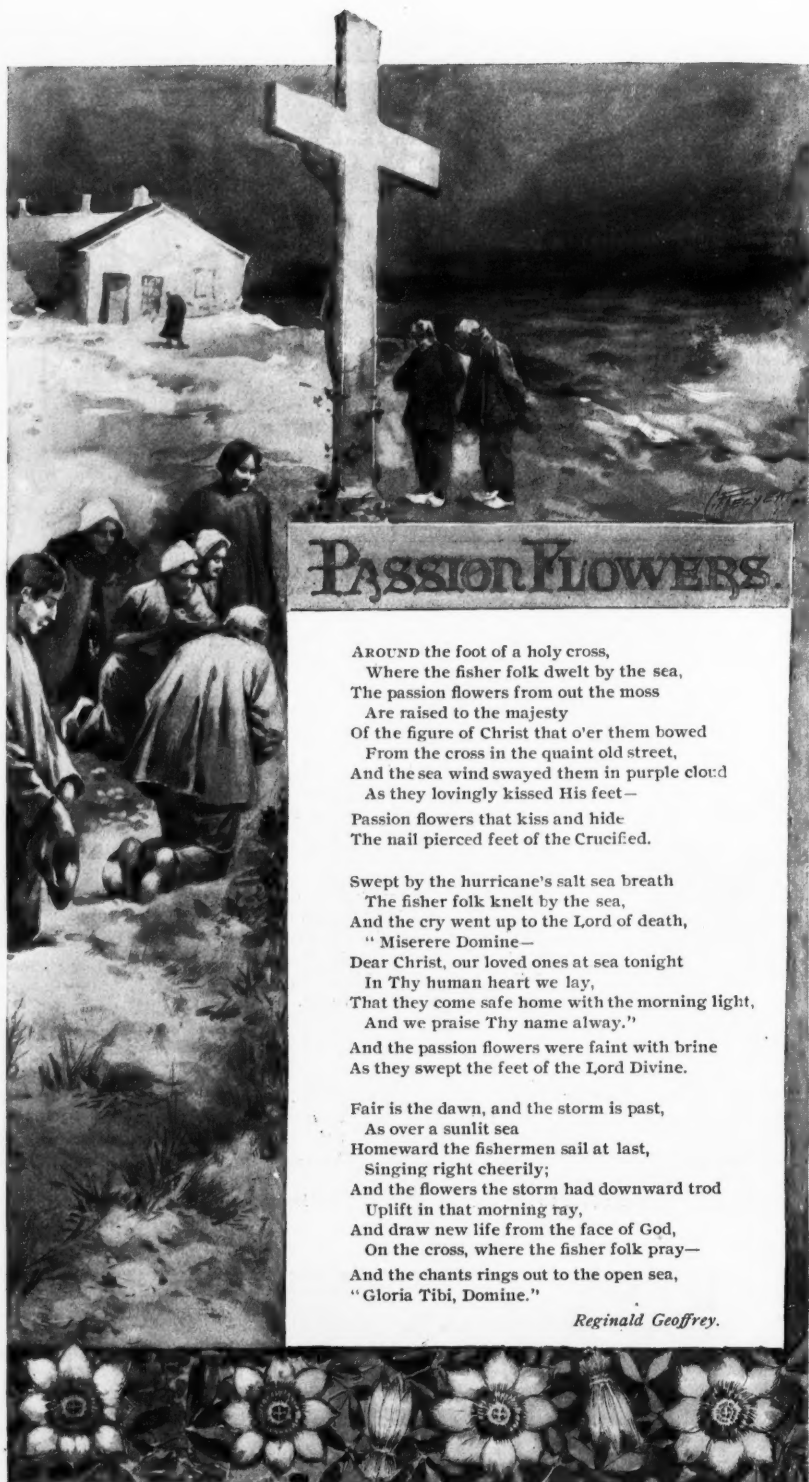
My little lady with eyes of blue
Is charmed to see you—"Just looking for you!"
And a tiny maiden smiles into your face,
And offers you bonbons with daintiest grace,
When pretty little Mrs. Trix
Is at home from four to six.

Ladies trip in by the score;
Men? Oh, well, just three or four;
They talk of art, the latest book,
The weather, the departing cook,
When pretty little Mrs. Trix
Is at home from four to six.

Cupid doesn't come at all—
Saves himself for the evening ball;
Still life seems like a merry rhyme,
You don't miss Cupid for a time,
When pretty little Mrs. Trix
Is at home from four to six.

Mary Scudder.





PASSION FLOWERS.

AROUND the foot of a holy cross,
Where the fisher folk dwelt by the sea,
The passion flowers from out the moss
Are raised to the majesty
Of the figure of Christ that o'er them bowed
From the cross in the quaint old street,
And the sea wind swayed them in purple cloud
As they lovingly kissed His feet—
Passion flowers that kiss and hide
The nail pierced feet of the Crucified.

Swept by the hurricane's salt sea breath
The fisher folk knelt by the sea,
And the cry went up to the Lord of death,
"Miserere Domine—
Dear Christ, our loved ones at sea tonight
In Thy human heart we lay,
That they come safe home with the morning light,
And we praise Thy name alway,"
And the passion flowers were faint with brine
As they swept the feet of the Lord Divine.

Fair is the dawn, and the storm is past,
As over a sunlit sea
Homeward the fishermen sail at last,
Singing right cheerily;
And the flowers the storm had downward trod
Uplift in that morning ray,
And draw new life from the face of God,
On the cross, where the fisher folk pray—
And the chants rings out to the open sea,
"Gloria Tibi, Domine."

Reginald Geoffrey.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH NOVELISTS.

The remarkable group of writers who are the leaders of fiction in France—Zola, Daudet, Dumas, Loti, Coppée, Catulle Mendès, "Gyp," and other literary personalities of note.

By Arthur Hornblow.

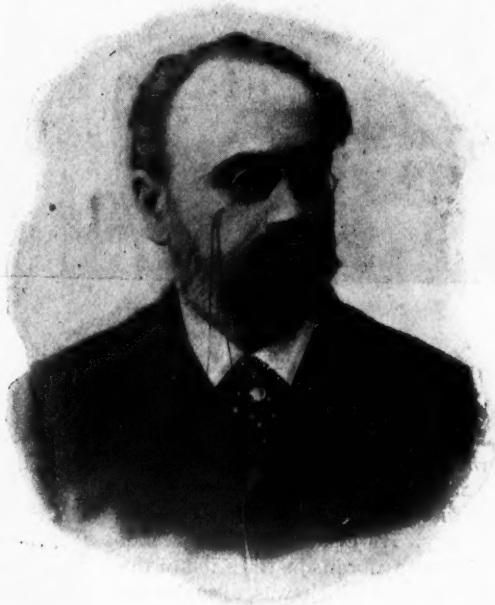
THE literature of France excels in richness that of any other country. True, it has never produced a Homer, a Shakspeare, or a Dante, but Rabelais and Molière begot a posterity of writers whose stories and plays are the most delightful the world has ever seen, incomparable for polish of literary style and for grace of workmanship.

The history of modern French fiction began early in this century, although in the last century successful efforts at novel making had been made by Le Sage, Marivaux, Voltaire, the Abbé Prévost, Diderot, and Rousseau. It was not, however, until Sir Walter Scott, the "inventor" of the modern novel, made his great success in England that any attention was paid to prose fiction in France. Then, in less than ten years, arose such a group of novelists as Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, Prosper Mérimée, Honoré de Balzac, Jules Sandeau, Georges Sand, Paul de Kock, and Charles de Bernard—an array almost without parallel in the history of literature. Next, thirty years later, came a new generation—Murger, About, Feuillet, Flaubert, Gaboriau, and Erckmann-Chatrian, all of whom are now dead.

The leading contemporary French novelists are faithful to the principles of Balzac and Flaubert, and seem to

be striving to surpass their predecessors in unflinching fidelity to realism and in psychological analysis. Prominent among these are Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, and Paul Bourget.

Emile Zola, whose works are perhaps better known than those of any other French writer, was born in Paris in 1840. His father, François Zola, was an engineer of Italian origin, and the constructor of the Zola Canal at Aix, in Provence. The novelist's youth was spent in the south, but he went to Paris later, and was



Emile Zola.

From a photograph by Frenet, Paris.

educated at the Lycée St. Louis. When eighteen years old, he obtained a position in Hachette's well known publishing house as clerk. All his leisure time

first became known. After several early attempts, a collection of stories called "Contes à Ninon," published in 1864, was well received.

Following this came a psychological novel, "La Confession de Claude" (1865), which indicated the realistic tendency of the author. Then came "Thérèse Raquin" (1867), a strong picture of the agonies and hallucinations of remorse, and "Madeleine Féral" (1868), a study of hereditary influence.

Full of confidence in his own powers, Zola now undertook a gigantic task based upon Balzac's plan of the Human Comedy. He started a series of novels, each related to the other by the reappearance of the same characters, under the general title of "The Rougon-Macquarts, the Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire." This idea involved the labor of more than



Alphonse Daudet.

From a photograph by Prou, Paris.

he devoted to literary work, and he tried hard to secure a place on the press, writing frequently for the *Evénement*. In this journal he defended the painter Edouard Manet, whose fantastic pictures had been refused by the Salon jury. His championship of Manet paved the way for his justification of the daring realism which was to make for him so important a place in letters.

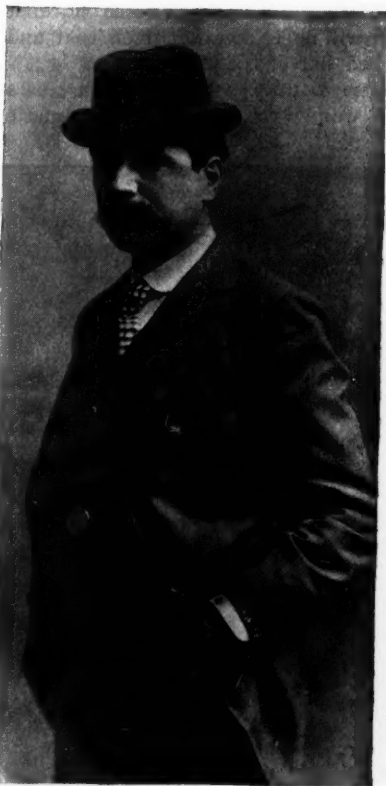
Although actively engaged in journalism, it was as a novelist that Zola

first became known. After several early attempts, a collection of stories called "Contes à Ninon," published in 1864, was well received. Following this came a psychological novel, "La Confession de Claude" (1865), which indicated the realistic tendency of the author. Then came "Thérèse Raquin" (1867), a strong picture of the agonies and hallucinations of remorse, and "Madeleine Féral" (1868), a study of hereditary influence. Full of confidence in his own powers, Zola now undertook a gigantic task based upon Balzac's plan of the Human Comedy. He started a series of novels, each related to the other by the reappearance of the same characters, under the general title of "The Rougon-Macquarts, the Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire." This idea involved the labor of more than twenty years. One of the earliest volumes was "La Curée," descriptive of the disorders of Parisian high life from 1860 to 1870, the sale of which was stopped by the government. Then, after several less notable works, came "L'Assommoir," one of the most successful of Zola's novels, and perhaps his masterpiece; "Nana," which was widely advertised as surpassing in audacity anything the author had yet written; "Pot Bouille," a fantastic study of the

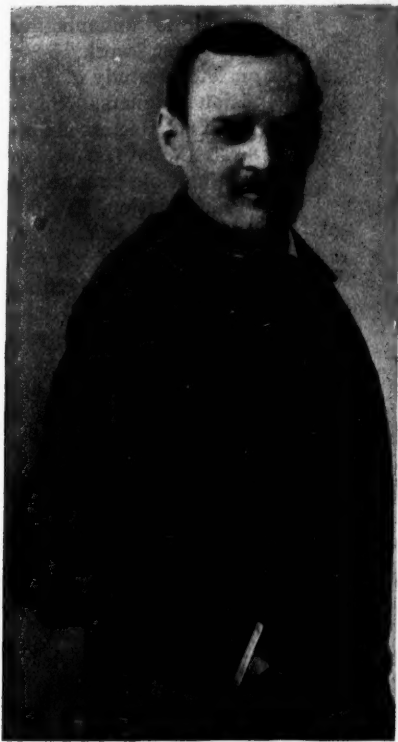
morals of the French middle class; "Germinal," a masterly description of the wretchedness of the proletariat; "La Terre," presenting French peasant life with the grossest realism; "Le Rêve," contrasting by its idyllic grace with most of the preceding works; "La Bête Humaine," a study of railroad life; "L'Argent," a story of the financial scandals of the second empire; "La Débâcle," a masterly picture of the Franco German war, and finally "Dr. Pascal," which completed the series.

Zola's latest novel, "Lourdes," is a marvelous picture of the annual pilgrimage to the French shrine, and he is now at work on another book which will describe "Rome." Following this will come a book on "Paris."

In spite of his phenomenal success, Zola is not very rich. He does not care for wealth, and spends all he makes. He has, however, a handsome apart-



Paul Bourget.



Georges Ohnet

ment in Paris, and a suburban chateau at Medan, which is decorated and furnished after the style of the middle ages, and which was built wing by wing with the profits from his novels. His income does not exceed a hundred thousand francs a year. He sells eighty thousand copies of his novels annually, for which he receives twelve sous a copy, and the foreign rights bring in about as much again.

Zola's greatest ambition is to become a member of the French Academy. He has presented himself as candidate a number of times, but has always failed. He declares that he will present himself at each vacancy until he succeeds, or until his death. He says it is not obstinacy on his part, but because he thinks that as long as there is an Academy, his work entitles him to be a member of it.

Another celebrated French novelist who will never don the green coat and cocked hat of the Academician is Alphonse Daudet, whose first successes were won on the stage. From dramatic

Alphonse Daudet and Emile Zola are undoubtedly two of the greatest French fiction makers of this century. Zola is, perhaps, the more vigorous writer, but Daudet is his superior not only in ele-

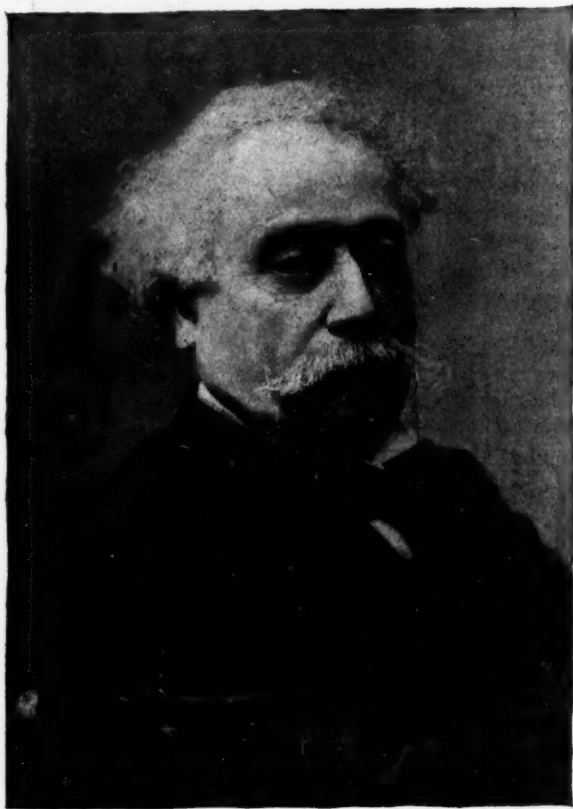
gance and polish of style, but in the possession of a poetic vein that Zola wholly lacks.

Paul Bourget is the youngest of the leading writers of the new school, and one of the most successful of the modern French novelists. He has carried the idea of psychological analysis in the novel farther than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and he has converted the study of the human heart and passions into a science.

"Mensonges" (Lies), which is undoubtedly his best work, is a masterly study of Parisian manners. Some of its characters are as well drawn as any in the whole range of French fiction. The unhappy *Claude Larcher*, who enters life so full of illusions concerning womankind, and who is so cruelly undeceived, is generally supposed to be Bourget him-

self. "Cruelle Enigme" and "Cosmopolis" are perhaps the most notable of his other novels.

One of the most celebrated French novels of this century is "La Dame aux Camélias," which has been equally successful as a play. Its author, Alexandre Dumas the younger, is now over seventy years of age, but is still one of the most important and active figures of literary Paris. As a youth, Dumas had little sympathy with the romantic field of literature which made his father famous, and he struck out for himself. The elder Dumas long refused to believe



Alexandre Dumas, Fils.
From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

work and journalism he graduated to fame as a novelist with "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné," which was crowned by the French Academy in 1875. A fantastic narrative called "Les Aventures Merveilleuses de Tartarin de Tarascon" did not, at first, attract much attention, but it afterwards became the most famous of his works. Of his later books the most notable have been "Les Rois en Exil" (1879); "Numa Roumestan" (1880); "Sapho" (1884), a study of Parisian manners and one of the best of his novels; and "L'Immortel" (1888), a satire on the Academy.

that his son would be a writer. The story goes that when he had listened to the reading of "The Lady with the Camellias" he burst into tears and declared its author would achieve more than his father—a prophecy which has come to pass. To compare the work of the two men, Dumas *fils* possesses a closer and more accurate observation of life, a greater depth of thought, and a more polished style, than the author of "Monte Cristo."

Four or five years ago all Paris was talking of "Madame Chrysantheme," and its sailor author, Pierre Loti. His name is less often heard today, but he has succeeded in entering the portals of the Academy, and many of his books will probably last with the language, possessing an originality, a virility, and a grace entirely their own.



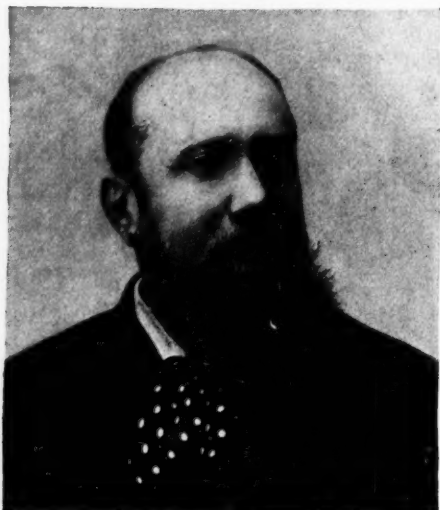
"Pierre Loti."



"Mme. Adam."

Pierre Loti is the pen name of Louis Marie Julien Viaud, an officer of the French navy. Born at Rochefort, of an old Protestant family, he entered the navy at seventeen, and has seen active service all over the world. During the Tonquin campaign, a journalistic imprudence compromised the sailor's future. He sent to the *Paris Figaro* an account of the cruelty of the French soldiers at the taking of Hué, and was at once placed on the retired list. A year later, however, he was restored to his command. He took his literary pseudonym from a nickname given him at school. He was very timid as a boy, and his comrades in derision called him Loti, the name of a small Indian flower which hides its face in the grass. It was under this pseudonym that the novelist was elected to the Academy in 1891, to fill the chair left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet.

Loti has wonderful descript-



Armand Silvestre.

ive powers, although his books are somewhat monotonous and contain too much of the author's own personality. Few of them except "Madame Chrysanthème" are known to foreign readers, although one—"Pêcheur d'Islande"—was translated into German by the Queen of Roumania.

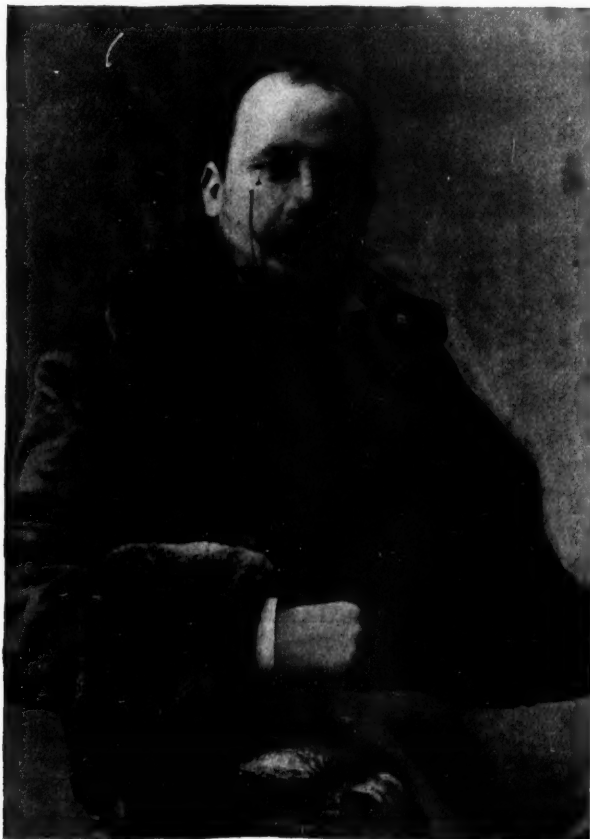
After Amélie Rives had made her great success with "The Quick or the Dead," a newspaper paragraph announced to the world that she had gone abroad "to collaborate on a new novel with Catulle Mendes, the most immodest man in Paris." The man so ruthlessly stigmatized was born at Bordeaux, of Portuguese parents, fifty years ago. He went at an early age to Paris, and was barely eighteen when he started a periodical called *La Revue Fantaisiste*. The first issue contained a poem by himself which raised a great scandal, and for which the author was punished with fine and imprisonment. This exploit was more than enough to

make Mendes famous, and he at once became a prominent member of the Parnassiens, a group of poets devoted to the principles of Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire—a devotion to poetry as an art. In 1886 he married Judith Gautier, daughter of the immortal author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and herself a well known *littérateur*; but the union did not prove a happy or a permanent one.

His best known books are "Le Roi Vierge," "Zo'har," "La Première Maitresse," "La Femme Enfant," "La Grande Maguet," and "La Maison de la Vieille," his latest and perhaps his best. He has also written a great number of short stories which have been published in the Parisian newspapers, and several plays. Most of his works are untranslatable, and the plots of some of them are even indescribable, yet this



Catulle Mendes.



"Max O'Reil."

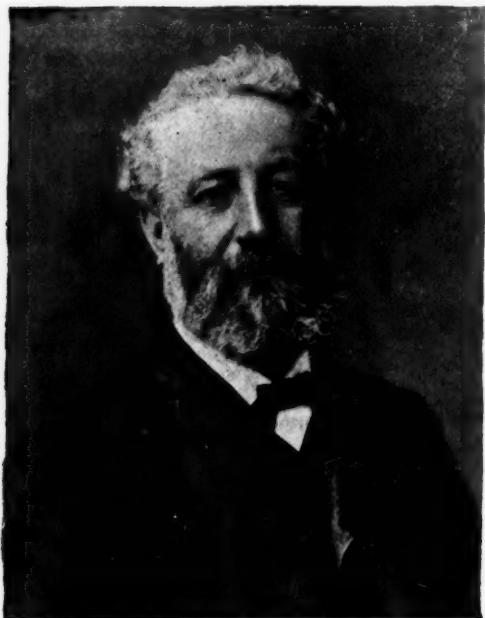
author's literary reputation has not been built upon his eroticism. M. Mendes is a delightful romancist and a true lyric poet, and the charm and literary elegance of his pages more than make amends for the licentiousness of his stories.

Armand Silvestre is another versatile French author of the Rabelais school. Besides a number of novels he has published several volumes of verse, and is a frequent contributor of novelettes to the Parisian papers. He has written many plays, too, and some successful operas; and three years ago he was appointed an inspector of the Beaux Arts.

A somewhat singular success in the French literary world was that of Georges Ohnet, the fortunate author of

"Le Maître des Forges" (The Iron Master). All the editors had refused Ohnet's stories when M. Abraham Dreyfus begged Ollendorf, the publisher, to give the new author a chance for his life. "Serge Panine" was printed, took Paris by storm, and was crowned by the Academy, the highest honor to which a French author can aspire. Ohnet's novels are not, perhaps, the highest form of literature, and the author's style cannot be compared with some of his contemporaries who are less read; but he has the gift of invention, and the art of telling a marvelously good story. Therein lies the secret of his success.

François Coppée, the uncrowned poet laureate of France, has written not only much exquisite verse, but several excel-



Jules Verne.

lent stories, and a number of plays, among the latter being "*Le Passant*," a little one act piece which first attracted attention to Sarah Bernhardt's genius.

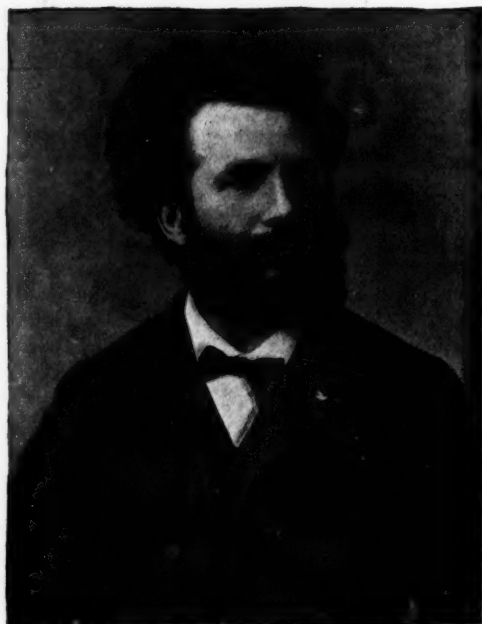
A writer who has delighted the hearts of millions of boys of all nations is Jules Verne, the author of "*Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*" and "*Around the World in Eighty Days*." Verne, who was born at Nantes in 1828, began his literary career as a playwright, and it was not until 1863 that he took his first novel to Hetzel, the publisher. In this story, which was called "*Five Days in a Balloon*," Verne introduced the latest and most interesting discoveries of science, under the guise of fantastic invention. Its success was phenomenal, and the lucky author wrote in rapid succession a long series of equally popular romances.

Camille Flammarion is another scientist who has written

scientific novels with considerable success. He was educated for the priesthood, but was unable to reconcile his views with those of the church, and became an astronomer instead. He made his reputation by popularizing the study of astronomy and by using astronomical facts and conjectures in works of fiction, somewhat after the manner of Verne.

Frenchmen are witty, not humorous. An exception, however, must be made in the person of Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet), who has written a series of amusing books of travel under such titles as "*John Bull and his Island*," and "*Jonathan and his Continent*." M. Blouet, not very many years ago, was a French master in a London grammar school and while in this capacity he wrote a number of

private letters to a friend on the manners and peculiarities of the English



Camille Flammarion.

people. They were so good that he was advised to publish them in book form, and he did so without even dreaming of the phenomenal success which awaited the volume's appearance. Max O'Rell is an entirely superficial writer, and need not be taken too seriously; but his books are admirable in their own way.

Not to be omitted from the roll of French novelists is the Comtesse de Martel, who writes under the pseudonym of "Gyp." Her family name is Mirabeau, she being a direct descendant of the famous statesman and orator. Her literary début was made by the merest chance. She wrote an account of a hunting party at which she had been present, and sent it anonymously to the *Vie Parisienne*. The editor liked it, soon found out who "Gyp" was, and asked for more copy. A little later, the comtesse wrote "Petit Bob," the story of



"Gyp."

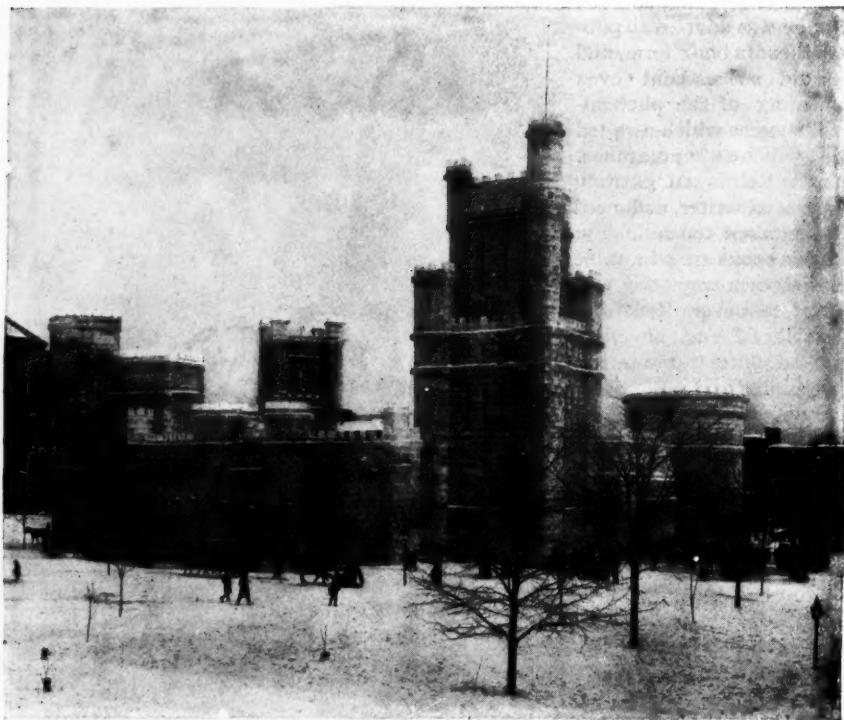
an absurdly precocious child, which amused Paris for months.

Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamher) is the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, one of the most important literary and political reviews of the world, and every issue contains a political article from her pen. As an editorial writer she is exceedingly well informed, and is gifted with a vigorous and comprehensive style. She has also written several novels depicting the noblest of human sentiments.

Space does not permit of extended notice of all the other popular contemporary French novelists, but a brief mention may be made of André Theuriet, Marcel Prévost, Ludovic Halevy, Henri Lavedan, Jules Claretie, Daniel Lesueur, and Jean Richepin.



François Coppée.



Last Winter's Ice Palace at Montreal.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

The carnival gaieties of Montreal—The round of ice yachting, tobogganing, curling, skating, sleighing, and snowshoeing that makes Canada the winter playground of America.

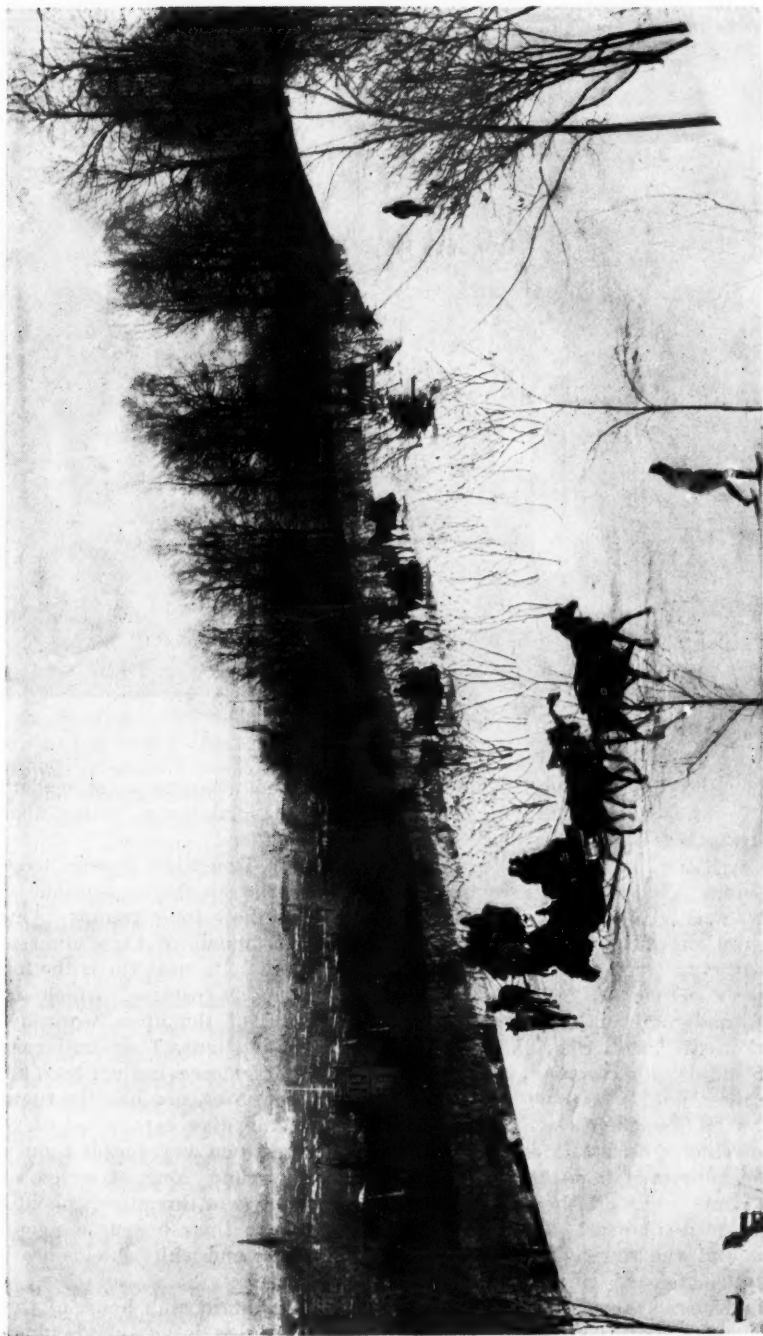
By Robert Scott Osborne.

WHEN winter begins in Canada, when the north wind comes whistling down and binds the rivers into ways for the phantom ice yacht, when the frozen snow covers the earth and smooths the country into a great white playground, then the Canadian dons his picturesque blanket coat, ties his deerskin moccasins to his feet, and starts out, intent on sport, into the crisp, invigorating air, with a flashing sun making the white world into a fairyland.

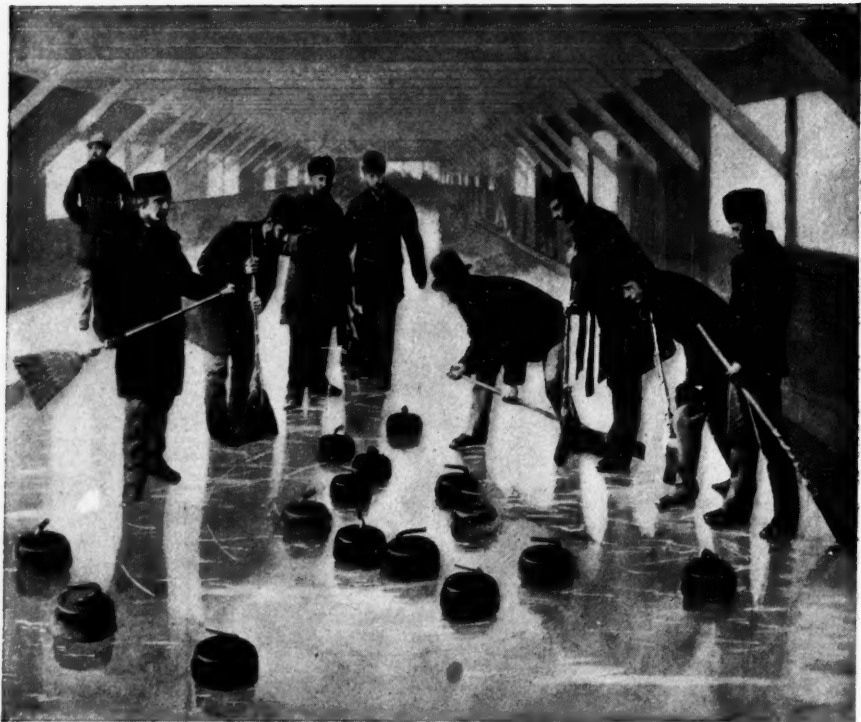
Ice yachting has only a short season in the province of Quebec, as the snow has usually covered the ice five feet

deep by Christmas; but hardly anybody misses one out of the many winter pastimes. Curling, snowshoeing, tobogganing, skating, and sleighing fill up the days and nights. Rinks are built for the curlers and the skaters; and "all out doors" is spread for the other sports. From Halifax to Winnipeg the Canadian winter months are a season of jollity.

It is to Montreal that most of the tourists go from the States, and as they look at the ice palace in Dominion Square, they fancy that the whole round of entertainment has been arranged for



A Driving Club Outing at Montreal.
From a photograph by Néman, Montreal.



Curling at Rideau Hall in Lord Dufferin's Time.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

their coming alone. They do not realize that they are simply breaking into a round which goes on week after week.

Every Saturday afternoon the meet of the Driving Club makes the square brilliant. This is one of the characteristic organizations of the Dominion, and one that always attracts the attention of a foreigner. Some of the sleighs are as unique and gorgeous as anything to be found in St. Petersburg, and the furs as splendid. Robes of sea otter, seal, bear, tiger, and even imperial sable itself, sweep from the backs of the picturesque vehicles, and make a nest inside. Scarlet plumes of horse hair rise from their fronts, and adorn the heavy harness on the spirited horses. The blowing of horns and the ringing of silver bells send music far and wide.

The drivers swing through the square and greet each other, and then, the president leading, the long line of brilliant equipages starts through the

streets and away to some rendezvous where the club men gather about a huge log fire.

It is in Dominion Square, too, that most of the Montreal snowshoe clubs meet for their long tramps. One of the most famous of these clubs is the St. George. Its uniform is the regulation blanket costume, which is an adaptation of the dress worn by the earliest Canadians. The peculiar smock-like cut of sleeve has not been altered in two centuries, nor has the tuque, as the stocking-like cap is called. The St. George men wear purple tuques and stockings, and long, tasseled sashes wrapped two or three times about their waists. On their breasts are embroidered purple and white shields bearing a red cross.

The mountain club house of the Red Cross Knights is another landmark of Montreal, and the foreigner who leaves without being its guest feels that he

has missed the cream of his visit. When the club entertains a visitor, or initiates a new member, he is made to respect the endurance of the real Red Cross wearer.

A brilliant night is chosen for the long tramp from the city. The track leads around the mountain above Montreal, and in Indian file the club winds its way upwards. The true snowshoer never walks beside another man. It is a custom brought down from early days, along with the blanket coat. It was necessary then, because the trails were so narrow, and the netted shoes so wide; and with true British persistency the Canadians have kept up the custom.

The club's "pace maker" is an officer who is chosen because his muscles are cast iron; the "whipper in" has obtained his position because his heart is of the same material. The former leads, and the latter brings up the rear, forcing laggards along. When the rendezvous is reached the roll is called, and woe to the man who cannot answer!

The club house is brilliant with lights and roaring logs, and already filled with visitors who have driven up in sleighs. The band or piano begins, and snowshoers who have raced over the crust show that they can dance as untiringly as the freshest. Before they start home, the laggard or the new member who is being initiated is taken out by the "bouncers," and tossed in a blanket until he is breathless. Men become boys for the moment. The wine of the winter air is in their veins, and laughter echoes through the pines.

In Canada, where it is almost a mark of aristocracy to have a slight northern burr in the speech, the Scotch game of curling has many friends. Barrie's story of the curling parson might be duplicated in almost every town over

the border. The governor generals have nearly all been enthusiastic curlers, and "besom and stane" are always going at



A "Spill" on the Slide.

From a photograph by Nidman, Montreal.

the curling rink at Rideau Hall, ever since Lord Dufferin swept it with his new broom.

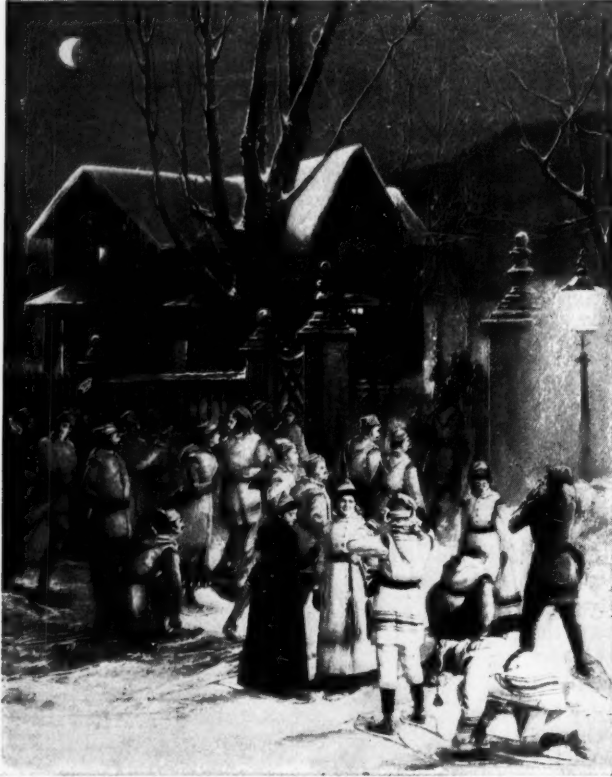
A curling match is one of the strangest things to American eyes. A Scotchman or a Canadian never becomes too old and dignified for it, and the spectacle of heads of the government, statesmen, judges, and clergymen rushing

and slipping madly about on the ice, and sweeping frantically with common kitchen brooms, is funny enough, whether you know the game or not. It consists in "skipping" along an ice

that they may sit on it for a fraction of a minute and fall down again. He says in a patronizing way that he "doesn't mind trying it." A long toboggan is hauled up, and he is told

to seat himself and clasp his knees. When the toboggan is held for an instant over the "chute," he sees how steep it is, and he instinctively puts his hands outside the toboggan and grasps at the snow.

"Let go! Hold on!" his guide shouts, and he feels a push and a weight against his back, where the steerer has thrown himself, letting his feet drag behind. Then he has a sensation that is like the falling of dreams, magnified a thousand fold. The world is chaos, and he is falling through it. His clothes are being stripped from his back, his hat and—he believes—his hair are torn from his head. And then, all at once, he gets



A Snowshoe Meet at McGill College, Montreal.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

course a "stone" made sometimes of granite and sometimes of iron. It is the effort of one side to make it go in one direction, and of the other to divert it. The sweeping is intended to smooth the way, and is called "sooping."

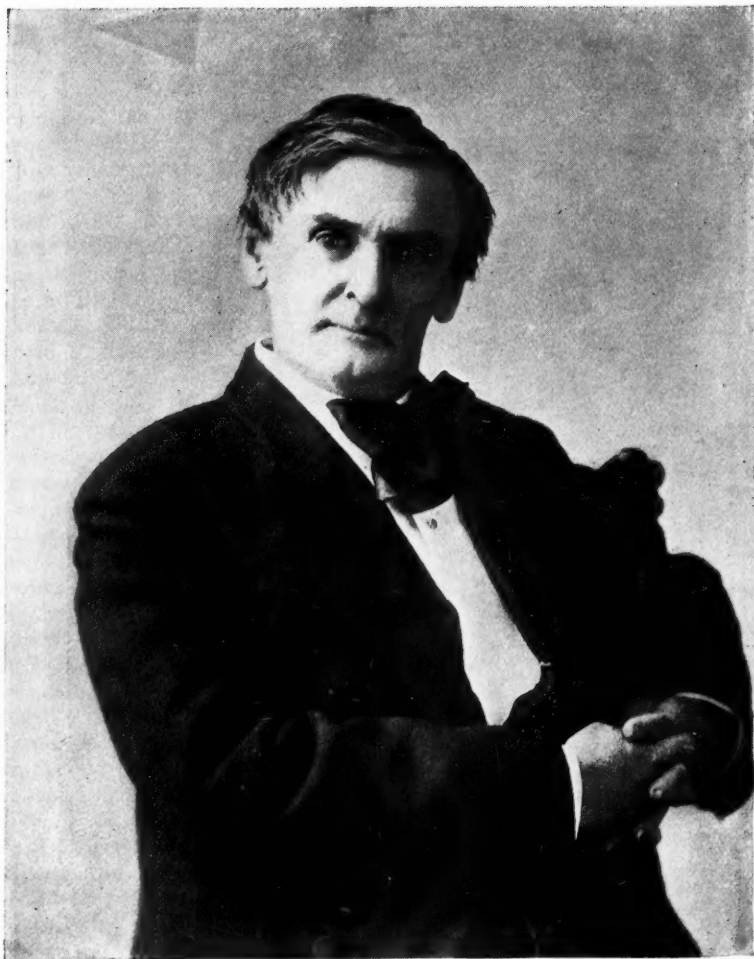
But the king of Canadian sports is the fall down the icy hillside on the thin toboggan. Sleighing and snowshoeing and skating are sports for the earth, but the gods themselves might learn new sensations on the slide!

The beginner wonders why a crowd of people will go for hours in the cold, walking a mile up hill, and drawing a thin piece of curved board after them,

his wind, and knows that the blood is racing through his veins, that he wants to shout and roar and exult, only there isn't time, because he is at the bottom, skimming along over the level crust.

He gets up, and goes back to town, and buys a blanket suit, a flannel shirt, some moccasins and mittens, and a close fitting tuque which pulls over his ears. Then he gets a toboggan and goes back, and only hunger drives him away from the hill until he leaves to take the train to the prosaic Yankee world.

Canada is worth every effort of the annexationist, if only that this glorious winter playground may be ours!



From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1894, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

THE DEAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

A sketch of the career and personality of the greatest of living comedians—Joseph Jefferson's long dramatic record, his early adventures, and his historic success as "Rip Van Winkle" and "Bob Acres."

By Morris Bacheller.

ALMOST born in a theater, brought up among properties, learning his letters from playbills and his lessons from plays spoken by such actors as the elder Booth, Macready, his own father and mother, and Fanny Kemble—Joseph Jefferson, third actor of that name on the American stage,

almost makes us consider his course of training superior to that of the schools.

The Jeffersons are of English descent, and when Mr. Jefferson made his début in London as a successful American actor, his English cousins sought him out. He found them officers in her majesty's service, clergymen, and al-



Joseph Jefferson in the First Act of "Rip Van Winkle."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

most everything but actors; but they all welcomed him as their own congenial friend.

One of Mr. Jefferson's chief charms is his readiness to talk about whatever interests his hearers, and his entire lack of self consciousness when the subject happens to be his own experiences. The bright glancing eyes which can never grow old, the crisp speech, would make any story interesting, but Mr. Jefferson's memory is a storehouse which cannot be emptied. He was born when the fortunes of the family were at a low ebb, and even in his infancy he added to the general income by acting as a "property" baby. At three, he was posing as a "living statue," representing the

infant Hercules strangling a lion. At four, T. D. Rice was emptying him out of a bag as a little dancing dorky.

In 1829, when Joseph Jefferson was born, the United States were a very new country, and theaters were few. A few years later his parents decided to try their fortunes in the then almost unknown West. Chicago was little more than an Indian village, but some enterprising friend of the Jeffersons started a theater there in 1838, and persuaded them to come out and act. Then began those days of being a barn stormer, a strolling player, which gave Joseph Jefferson the confidence of a thorough knowledge of his art. He learned it as an apprentice, and never knew the faults of an amateur.

They were hard days, with here and there gleams of brightness which stick in Mr. Jefferson's memory to the exclusion of the discomforts. His anecdotes of this time are the delight of the people who are his guests during the summer at Buzzard's Bay, or who meet him at the Players' Club.

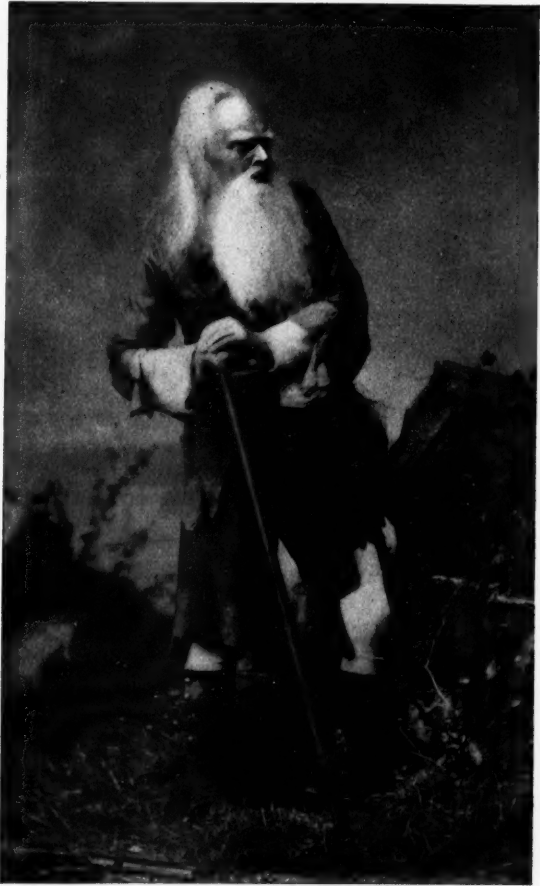
The four years of their Western wanderings before his father died of yellow fever in Mobile, in 1842, might be called the formative period of Jefferson's life. They were full of encounters. Once, coming to Springfield, Illinois, the actors were met by a strange disaster. A religious revival was in progress in the town, and the clergymen not only preached against the "play actors" but persuaded the city government to tax them so heavily that they could not afford to perform. In the midst of their trouble a rawboned young lawyer put in his appearance, and asked to be allowed to argue their case before the city fathers. He said that he only desired fair play, and would accept no fee.

Young Jefferson heard his speech, and never forgot it, for it was full of the humor that a boy can understand, as well as the arguments that can win a case. It was one of the early efforts of Abraham Lincoln.

The family went from Chicago to New Orleans, playing where they could, Joseph and his father eking out a living by sign painting when there was no audience. It was this sort of an art education to which Mr. Jefferson owes one of his incidental accomplishments—his talent for landscape painting.

At nineteen, Jefferson was playing low comedian at the Amphitheater in Phila-

delphia, which was managed by a graduate from Astley's in London. Such pieces as "Mazeppa," "Captain Kidd," and "The Terror of the Road," were



Joseph Jefferson in the Last Act of "Rip Van Winkle."

From a copyrighted photograph by Sarony, New York.

presented. The vivid personality which we know today could not be covered up by any amount of melodrama. In another year he had joined the company of the elder Booth.

But like most men of force and genius, Jefferson could not be content under anybody. The best actor in the world made him restive. He wanted to be that actor's manager, instead of being a member of his company. Disaster after disaster in this field had no effect upon him. Back he went to it again and again,

after seasons of playing with the best companies, and now and then a short starring tour, in such characters as *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin." But until Dion Boucicault engaged

such a play at such a time, but the interest it excited brought Joseph Jefferson into the eye of the general public.

Then he made up his mind that he would be a star.

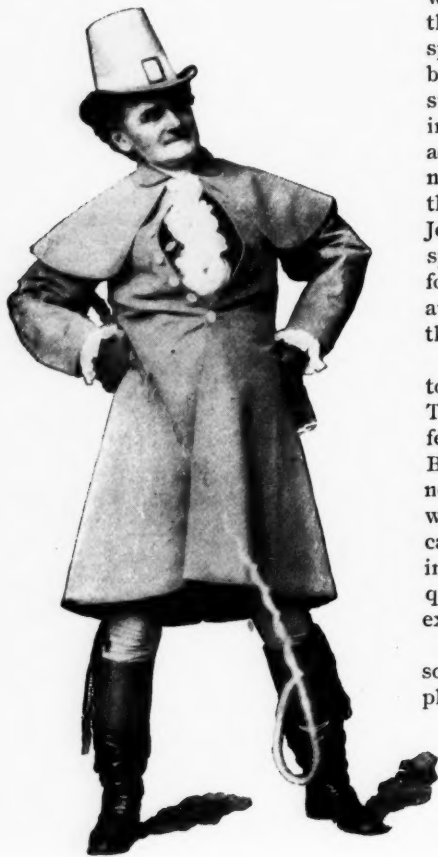
The first thing to find was a play. It was characteristic of Jefferson that he thought first of his own character, irrespective of any story. He happened to be staying at a Dutch farm house that summer; and this may have had some influence in determining that the character should be *Rip Van Winkle*. The name was a good one for a play, and the idea took possession of him. Mr. Jefferson hastened up to New York, and spent weeks hunting up old leather for his costume, having wigs made, and decking himself in the garments of the hero of the Catskills.

After all this was finished, he began to think of what *Rip* would say and do. The dialogue was written within a few days, and then rehearsals began. But the first "*Rip Van Winkle*" was not a success. The character over which Mr. Jefferson had spent so much care and time was perfect, but the play, into which those few days had gone, was quite as indifferent as might have been expected.

Five years later, in London, Jefferson's old friend Boucicault rewrote the play, and gave us the *Rip Van Winkle* we know today, whom we were loath to give up for a foreign minister when Mr. Jefferson's eligibility to such an office was discussed during the early days of Mr. Cleveland's Presidency. In its second dress the play had a great success, but the fact remains that it will die with its author. Its flavor is that

of a past generation. Unanimated by the genius that conceived it, and which is able still to throw over us the spell of wonderland, we should find it tiresome and old fashioned.

Mr. Jefferson's most artistic performance was *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals," when he played the character with William Florence; and much of its effect was due to the fact that Mr. Jefferson partly rewrote the play. His long experience on the stage had given him a

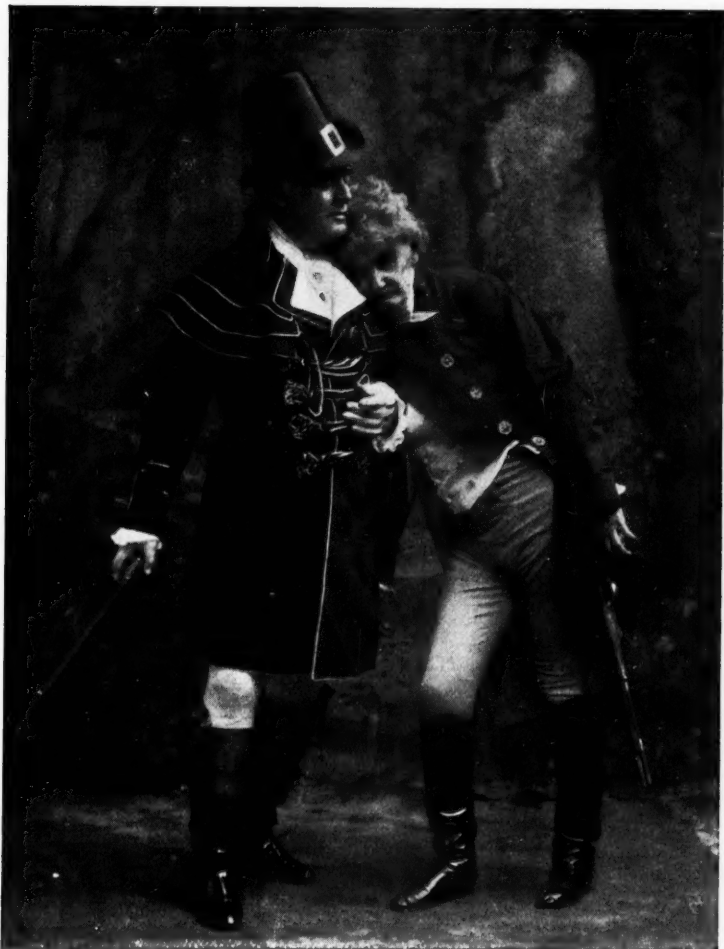


Joseph Jefferson as "Bob Acres."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Jefferson to play *Caleb Plummer* at the Winter Garden in New York, no one had ever suspected him of an ability to enact a part requiring pathos.

"The Octoroon," with Jefferson in the character of *Salem Scudder*, followed "The Cricket on the Hearth." It was in that time of white heat which antedated the war, and "The Octoroon," which dealt with the subject of slavery, fanned the flames of sectional feeling. It was considered criminal to produce



Joseph Jefferson as "Bob Acres" and William J. Florence as "Sir Lucius O'Trigger,"
In the duel scene of "The Rivals."

thorough knowledge of what the public wants, and what it does not want. He was perfectly aware of the modern audience's disinclination to listen to a dialogue, however brilliant, unless it reveals the plot of the play, or is full of ready wit combined with action. Keeping this in mind, he made a very free adaptation of "The Rivals." He says that the comedy kept running in his head as "Rip Van Winkle" had in earlier years.

"Bob was an attractive fellow to contemplate. Sheridan had filled him with such quaintness and eccentricity that

he became irresistible. I would often think of him in the middle of the night. The variety of situations in which the author had placed him; his arrival in town with his shallow head full of nonsense and curl papers, and his warm heart overflowing with love; a nature soft and vain, a mixture of goose and peacock; his swagger and braggadocio while writing a challenge, and above all his abject fright when he realizes what he has done—could the exacting heart of a comedian ask for more than these?"

Mr. Jefferson is particularly valuable as a friend to aspirants for stage honors.



Joseph Jefferson as "Caleb Plummer."

He has given advice which is practically valuable.

"If necessity is the mother of invention, she is the foster mother of art, for the greatest actors that ever lived have drawn their nourishment from her breast. We learn our profession by the mortifications we are compelled to go through in order to earn our living. The sons and daughters of wealthy parents who have money, and can settle their weekly expenses without the assistance of the box office, indignantly refuse to lower themselves by assuming some subordinate character for which they are cast, and march home, because their fathers will take care of them. They had better stay there!"

Although Mr. Jefferson has hundreds of friends outside of his profession, he is still almost clannishly an actor. It was he who confirmed and called down the first benediction upon the name of "The Little Church Around the Corner." It was at the time of

George Holland's death. Mr. Jefferson had gone to the pastor of the church which Mrs. Holland attended, to make arrangements for the funeral. The clergyman objected to holding the services for an actor.

"There is," he said, "a little church around the corner where you may get it done."

"Then," said Mr. Jefferson solemnly, "God bless the little church around the corner!"

Mr. Jefferson's home is in Louisiana, where he owns a beautiful island plantation. He has spent his winters there for nearly twenty years, when he was not acting. His summers are passed at Buzzard's Bay, where he is President Cleveland's neighbor. To those who know him it is hard

to believe that there will ever be a time when there is no Joseph Jefferson.



Joseph Jefferson as "Salem Scudder."

PRESIDENTS OF REPUBLICS.

The democracies of the globe, and the magistrates who guide their destinies—The men who today represent the forces and ideas that have in our time become the controlling elements of the world's politics.

By Harold Parker.

"I would like to see the time when the whole world will be one vast republic, under one president, with all the nations of the earth as states of the grand whole. This may appear like a foolish dream, but when we consider the structure and genius of the United States, a federation of forty odd nations, it is by no means an impossibility in the great future that lies before us."

These words were spoken recently by a young Japanese, Mr. Yamagata, a nephew of the now famous field marshal of the same name, the occasion being a club dinner in New York. Although there is no immediate prospect of the fulfilment of the speaker's flight of fancy, the sentiment is a noble one, and worthy of the progressive nation which the young orator represented.

A hundred and twenty years ago it seemed as if the republican form of government, under which Greece, Rome, and the Italian states had successively made so tremendous an impress upon history, had practically vanished from the face of the earth, never to return. Outside of the mountain fastnesses of the Swiss cantons, it survived only in oligarchic Venice and a few tiny communities like Andorra and San Marino, whose insignificance was the guarantee of their existence.

What a political transformation scene the next fifty years were destined to witness! 1775 was the dark hour before the dawn of American independence



Jorge Montt, President of Chili.

From a photograph by Spencer, Santiago.



Jean Casimir-Perier, President of France.

From a photograph by Ogerau, Paris.

marked a new era of liberty; 1825 saw almost the whole western world, save Canada, under governments of its own, and every one of them democratic except the Brazilian empire. In Europe, meanwhile, the old regime of France had met its bloody ending, and the long accepted doctrine of the "divine right" of kings had been shattered beyond redemption. Later history has added Brazil to the list of republics, and has twice restored to it the fickle Gallic nation; has founded the Boer and Liberian states in Africa, and—last of all

—has seen the death of the little island monarchy of Hawaii.

There are few more interesting or more beautiful spots on earth than this newest of republics, a group of almost tiny islets in the center of the greatest of the oceans. Ever since Captain Cook discovered it and named it in honor of Lord Sandwich, it has attracted an attention disproportionate to its area of six thousand square miles—much less than that of some American counties. The story of its last two eventful years, and its appearance as a burning issue in the



Prudente Moraes, President of Brazil.

politics of the United States, is too well known to need reciting.

President Dole, the first head of the Hawaiian republic, is of New England stock, with all the firmness and virtues of the early Puritans, and—his critics allege—with much of their narrowness. Be that as it may, the experiment of the little state will be watched with the greatest interest and sympathy from all parts of this broad continent, whether the Monroe doctrine be stretched to the point of annexation or not.

Another interesting island republic is that of Hayti, founded by negroes who

mastered their French masters and succeeded in defying the arms of the great Napoleon. Its annals have been a mixture of tragedy and burlesque, of civil wars and revolutions, of *coups d'état* by dark skinned aspirants to empire, and democratic restorations. Just now, under General Hippolyte, it seems to enjoy some promise of tranquillity.

At the other end of this same West Indian island is the Spanish speaking republic of Santo Domingo, whose citizens once voted almost unanimously for annexation to the United States—only to have their application spurned by Con-



Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

gress. This little state, happier than its neighbor in that it has less history, is now presided over by General Ulises Heureaux.

Since the days of Spanish colonial rule, Central America has been a part of Mexico, has had a federal government of its own, and is now split into five distinct and sometimes discordant republics, with one little corner of Honduras held by England. Of its present chief magistrates, the most notable figure is that of Don Rafael Iglesias, elected last May to the presidency of Costa Rica by the progressive party of that state. He is a young man, little over thirty, for whom a brilliant career is predicted by his countrymen. He was at college when family reverses forced him to enter business life, from which he speedily gravitated to politics. At twenty eight he was one of the leaders of the movement that made Rodriguez president, and shared its success as a member of the latter's cabinet. He is credited with enlightened views and much administrative ability.

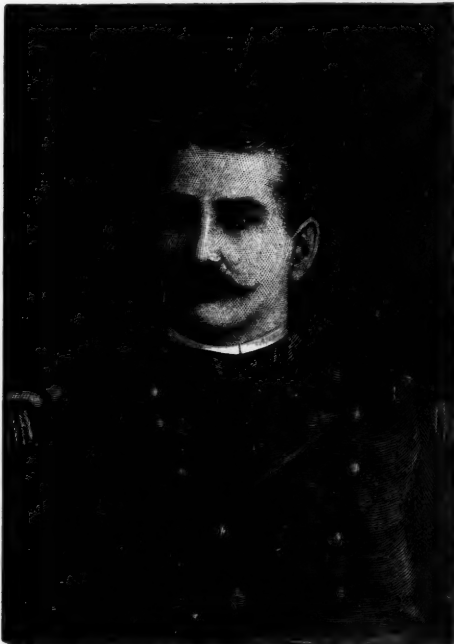
Lack of space forbids more than a



Jose Santos Zelaya, President of Nicaragua.

mention of the other Central American rulers—Barrios, of Guatemala; Zelaya, of Nicaragua; Bonilla, who recently succeeded Domingo Vasquez in Honduras; and Rafael Gutierrez, who last May drove Ezeta from the presidency of Salvador. All these states are small, but have rich natural resources and with good government might enjoy a high degree of

prosperity. Their South American neighbor, the United States of Colombia, when it first broke away from Spanish rule, included the whole northwestern part of the continent, from the mouths of the Orinoco to the head waters of the Amazon; but in 1829 Venezuela in the east and Ecuador in the south detached themselves from the central states. Ecuador's chief magistrate is Don Luis Cordero, a devout churchman. In Venezuela Joaquin Crespo, soldier, statesman, and hero of a long and eventful career, was borne to the front by the revolution of 1893. Three years ago Colombia lost in Rafael Nunez, her deceased president, a man whose character was the very opposite of that too often ascribed by hasty observers to the leaders of the shifting politics of these southern lands. Instead of an effervescent adventurer, the "Sage of Cabrero," as his countrymen called him, was a statesman, a scholar, a philosopher, and a poet.



Jose Maria Reina Barrios, President of Guatemala.

His personality is described, in the quaint Spanish way, as having been "perfumed with the aroma of Oxford." His successor in office is Miguel A. Caro.

Balmaceda, who has been variously pictured as a traitorous usurper and as an unselfish reformer; its result was the latter's overthrow, and the succession of



Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico.

Probably the most advanced of all the South American states is the republic of Chili. In this narrow strip that stretches for three thousand miles along the shores of the Pacific, four years of tranquillity have succeeded a keenly fought civil war. The struggle, as will be remembered, was precipitated by a conflict between the legislature and President

Jorge Montt, previously an admiral in the Chilean navy.

Divided from Chili by the long chain of the Andes, soon to be conquered by the railroad builders, is the wide and rich territory of the Argentine Republic. Dr. Luis Saenz Pena—his title is not a medical one—is its present chief magistrate. He has been in public life for

more than thirty years, representing his native province, Buenos Ayres, in the federal congress, and later serving as its governor, as chief justice of its supreme court, and as mayor of the city of Buenos Ayres. He went from the bench to the executive chair in 1892.

In treating of these American republics and their presidents—the men and the nations who are making history upon the same continent as ourselves—brevity is prescribed by the necessary limits of a magazine article, not by lack of interesting material. Indeed, the compiler is confronted with an embarrassment of riches in the long list of democracies of which autocratic Spain, by a strange turning of history, has been the mother. We have not yet touched upon the largest country of South America—Brazil, whose area exceeds that of the United States without Alaska, and whose possibilities are correspondingly vast. In this, the one great Portuguese colony in the New World, the Bourbon dynasty of Lisbon found refuge from the invading armies of Napoleon; and here they ruled as emperors of Brazil until an uprising that was military rather than popular drove the late Dom Pedro back to Europe a crownless monarch. After Fonseca and Peixoto, Prudente Moraes is the third president of the young republic, whose history has thus far been a stormy one.

Peru, Chili's northern neighbor, and her defeated enemy in a bitterly fought war, has been one of the worst sufferers from political instability. Her present chief magistrate, Andres A. Caceres, is a successful soldier, and is reputed a man of strong character and masterful policy, yet the recent reports from his mountain land tell of continuous and apparently irrepressible disturbances.

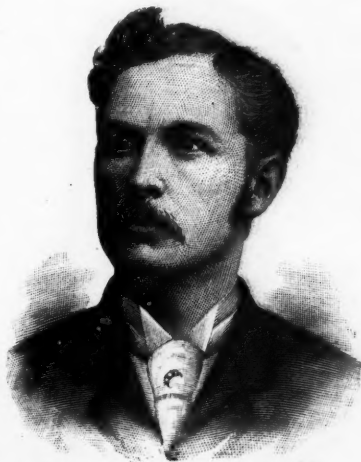
Less important in population and commerce are the three remaining American republics of Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay. The two latter may be said to form a neutral belt between the powerful states of Brazil and Argentina. In inland Paraguay, General Egusquiza has just succeeded a president—Juan Gonzalez—whose administration was re-

markably successful. Gonzalez was an engineer, and his technical training enabled him to render great practical services to his country in building railroads, highways, and bridges in a region whose most pressing need is for means of communication. He was, too, an organizer, a reformer, and a man of culture and high aims.

In the coast state of Uruguay, the official term of Julio y Obes, which had

been marked by the president's manly struggle to educe order from financial chaos, and to exalt the civil over the military power, closed last March, when Senor Iriarte Borda assumed the reins of government. Neither the new Paraguayan magistrate nor General Alonzo, recently inaugurated as president of Bolivia, has succeeded in making his personality known to the outside world in more than name.

Far more important than these; and far more interesting to its neighbors of the United States, is the republic of Mexico. Porfirio Diaz, who is now serving his fourth term in its chief magistracy, is a really remarkable man—probably the most remarkable his country has ever produced. He has shown a genius for governing its mixed and inflammable population such as none of his predecessors possessed. He has given it religious freedom, a system of popular education, many phases of industrial development, and—above all



Rafael Iglesias, President of Costa Rica.

—a reign of law and order. Ever since the fall of Lerdo in 1876, when Diaz entered the city of Mexico at the head of his victorious army, the land has enjoyed the blessings of a peace it never knew before. His policy has always been one of friendliness toward the great republic to the north of his own—

the story of William Tell to the domain of fiction, the sturdy little republic of Switzerland will never lose its traditional halo as a cradle spot of civil liberty. In spite of not a few internal feuds, its mountain cantons, guarded by the mighty ramparts of the Alps, have stoutly held their own against all comers for five



Andres A. Caceres, President of Peru.

a feeling that is abundantly reciprocated on this side of the Rio Grande.

Here closes the list of American republics. Africa has three civilized states that must be added—Liberia, the negro colony founded by an American philanthropic society, upon the western coast of the Dark Continent; and at its southern extremity the two Boer republics, islanded amid the vast dominions of Great Britain—the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal or South African Republic, which latter acknowledges the "suzerainty" of England. Their present presidents are respectively J. J. Cheeseman, F. W. Reitz, and Paul Kruger.

Though a critical age has relegated

centuries. It is a land where democracy is carried to the utmost extent. Little political importance or social eminence attaches to its chief magistracy, which is held this year by Joseph Zemp.

When Lawrence Sterne gave currency to his world famous maxim that "they order this matter better in France," it was before the days of French republics; but there is no reason to find fault with it now that we contemplate the present regime, which has experienced a series of almost deadly shocks, but has survived them without loss of power or prestige.

When that dignified and capable executive, M. Carnot, fell by the knife of a boy fanatic—a crime paralleled by the

murder of our own presidents, Lincoln and Garfield—the foremost public man in France, and the logical candidate for the vacant office, was Jean Casimir-Perier. The manner of his acceptance was dramatic, artistic, and decidedly French. It is a matter of history that upon no less than ten different occasions, M. Casimir-Perier refused the urgent appeals of his friends. "For this post, as I understand its duties, I do not feel prepared," was his repeated reply to their reiterated request. It was well for France, and for the career of Casimir-Perier, that this refusal took place in the presence of his mother, a splendid specimen of the devoted and patriotic Frenchwoman, accustomed all her life to the atmosphere of statesmen and statescraft. On hearing her son's reply, with its note of despair, she remarked with some severity, and with the splendid dignity of the *grande dame*: "My son, when duty is there, and perhaps danger too, a Casimir-Perier should always be prepared."

This magnetic call to duty, and the allusion to danger at a time when the murdered Carnot was as yet unburied, struck the heroic note in Casimir-Perier's nature. He at once replied:

"C'est bien. J'accepte."

That is how France obtained her present president, who has demonstrated



Domingo Vasquez, late President of Honduras.

during his short incumbency that he possesses the qualities necessary to success in his honorable and highly important position. The remark of Mue. Casimir-Perier loses any suggestion of bombast, when we remember that her family has given to its country men of mark in finance, commerce, industry, politics, and the church.

As the greatest of all recorded republics, in age, achievement, and population, the United States leads the procession of nations whose government is by and for the people. It does not lead by reason of its pomp or splendor of display; for this it does not possess. In an assembly of representatives of the nations of the world, the least showy, in titles and adornments, are those of the mighty American republic. As represented abroad, we are plain to the verge of shabbiness; every European princeling outdoes us in magnificence of court and costume.

The President of this strong, practical, and unostentatious nation is Grover Cleveland—the son of an undistinguished Presbyterian pastor; a few years ago sheriff of a New York county; and prior to that a matter of fact provincial lawyer. It is doubtful if one hundred people outside of Erie County knew or cared who was its sheriff at the time



Luis Cordero, President of Ecuador.



Juan Gonzalez, late President of Paraguay.

when Mr. Cleveland filled that office. The links in the chain of evolution that followed were Mayor of Buffalo; Governor of the State of New York; President of the United States.

No human eye can pierce the future, but, with the exception of a handful of carpers, every one of the nearly seventy millions of Americans believes that our republic is destined to endure. They reason that it has weathered storms that no other nation could have withstood, and that the future can hold nothing equal to the dangers that have been met and overcome. "The tests of our capacity for self government," says a New York editor, "which we have successfully met with manifestations of sublime power, are numerous. In the midst of one of the most terrible civil wars upon record we held a Presidential election. The verdict of our enemies was: 'Lincoln reëlected. Unusually quiet upon

Election Day.' No republic in all the past ever gave such evidence of self control. It was a moral victory, the grandeur of which has never been equaled by any free people.

"We disbanded one million armed men within sixty days. Our enemies said again, 'The republic cannot survive it.' Within ninety days they all gladly engaged in peaceful industry. Our chief magistrate was murdered by an insane crank. Our enemies were sure that the end of the republic was at hand. Within twelve hours President Johnson was inaugurated, as provided for by the constitution, without a ripple upon the national sea.

"A little later a dispute arose after a severely contested general election as to the integrity of the returns. Our enemies were certain then that we could not solve the problem without the shedding of blood, if not the disruption



Joaquin Crespo, President of Venezuela.



Dr. Luis Saenz Pena, President of the Argentine Republic.

of the republic. But it was done without even creating a flurry in Wall Street. We have paid \$8,000,000,000 in gold as the cost of the war, in interest and pensions to our soldiers and those dependent upon them. We have received and Americanized 12,000,000 foreign born citizens within fifty years.

"The problems before us are simple in comparison to those we have most

successfully solved. Therefore we have unbounded faith that this republic will endure."

Among the nations latest born,
 Yet greater than them all we stand:
 More rich in living wine and corn,
 More blest by God our Father's hand.
 None titled nobler than the man
 Who is but an American.
 America, America,
 The true man's home, America!

IN AN ORANGE GROVE.

DARK green, and swaying lightly in the breeze;
 Each branch a store of pendent, golden balls
 That gleam from out the blossom laden walls;
 With fruit half grown, thick hanging on the trees,
 And swarms of buzzing, honey making bees,
 And mocking birds, whose rich responsive calls
 Make music in the fragrant citrus halls,
 And only with the glowing noonday cease:
 Stray shafts of light down quiver through the green,
 Dark leaves that pale behind the blossoms fair;
 Long lines of trees in rank and file are seen,
 And birds and blossoms mingling everywhere,
 And over all a sense of calm, serene
 Unconsciousness of worldly aim or care.

Frank H. Sweet.

ETCHINGS



THE ARITHMETIC OF AGE.

HE—"Miss Gadley really doesn't look a day older than she did six years ago."
SHE—"According to her statistics she isn't a day older."

PRISON POETS.

SOME amusing studies of human nature are given in a collection of "poetry" composed by inmates of English prisons. George Bidwell, the American adventurer who perpetrated a celebrated robbery upon the Bank of England, was one of the most prolific of these sequestered bards. He is said to have written ream after ream of highly moral ballads upon such subjects as the joys of innocent childhood and the folly of evil doing.

In a prison prayerbook was found the following couplet:

Good by, Lucy dear;
I'm parted from you for seven long year.

ALFRED JONES.

Beneath it was written, by another hand:

If Lucy dear is like most gals,
She'll give few sighs or moans,
But soon will find among your pals
Another Alfred Jones.

The gem of the collection was the following effusion of a philosophic convict:

I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For their kind care of me.

The honest pauper in the street
Half naked I behold,
Whilst I am clad from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well aired cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.

While they are fed on workhouse fare,
And grudged their scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.

Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves;
And while they treat us as they do,
They'll never want for thieves!



WARNED IN A DREAM.

I.

LAST night I dozed in my easy chair,
For my active brain was tired;
And she came and stood beside me there—
The girl I had long desired.

II.

I knew that this was another life;
And it seemed more old than strange,
For she said, like a real and living wife,
"Say, Harry, I want some change."

III.

She told me the baby had a rash,
And the cook was drunk all day;
She spoke of her urgent need of cash,
And the bills she had to pay.

IV.

She said that Tommy had hurt his knee,
And Bessie had had a fall,
And I might stop tomorrow and see
If the doctor could not call.

V.

She owned that Johnny had grown too large
For her to correct any more;
And would I kindly take him in charge,
And investigate why he swore?

VI.

She said there were holes in the kitchen sink,
And the skylight leaked again,
And Bowers, the plumber, didn't think
The boiler would stand much strain.

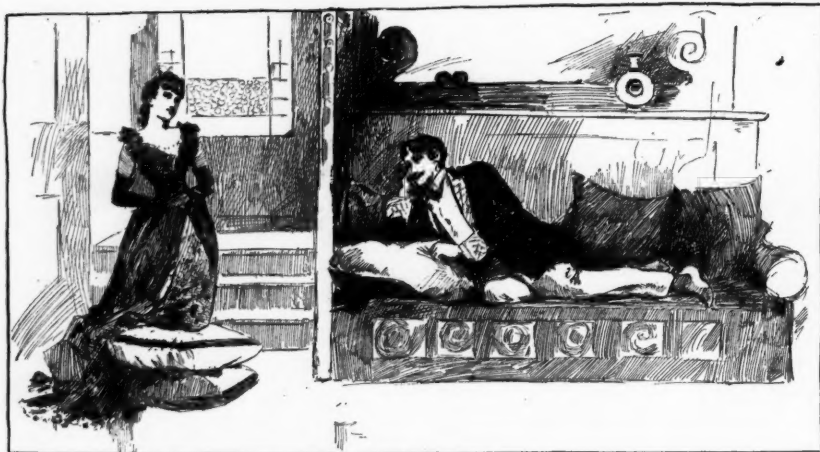
VII.

She asked me what was the price of wheat,
And hinted I should have known
Enough to keep away from the Street,
And to let "such things" alone!

VIII.

In her calm, persistent way she spoke
Again of the butcher's bill;
And then, with a lucky start, I woke—
A "lonely bachelor" still!





THE MODERN GIRL'S VIEW.

REGINALD—"What is your ideal name for a man? Mine sounds well, don't you think?"
 PRISCILLA—"Yes, but how does it look at the business end of a check?"

THE SHORT TALE OF A LONG DOG.



I

"That dog's mine!"
 "No, 'tain't; it's mine!"

"TELL ME NOT IN POLISH NUMBERS."

MME. MODJESKA, the famous tragedienne, is the heroine of many amusing stories. Once, when she was visiting at a friend's house, the conversation turned to the sub-



II

"Let go of him!"

ject of her native Poland, and she spoke enthusiastically of its musical language and its beautiful and pathetic ballad poetry. The other guests finally asked her to recite a specimen of Polish verse, and she consented. Twice she began, but each time

her memory failed her, and she broke down. At the third attempt, however, she found something in which she was quite at home, and poured forth a flow of impassioned though unintelligible eloquence. Her voice rose and fell, her gestures were now of pathos, now of exultation, now of quiet humor. Her varying moods were translated to her audience with such power and

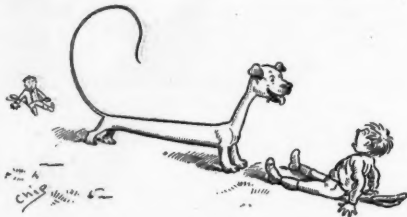


III

"No, I won't; let go of him yourself!"

vividness that it was swayed alternately to smiles and to tears.

The recitation ended amid a storm of applause. When the cheers subsided, some



IV

"Great Scott! Look at him now!"

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATION.

HERE'S Lent once again on its annual round,
Good by now to feasting and dancing;
With what great success has the season been
crowned;
I declare it was simply entrancing!

But now all the banners of pleasure are furled,
No longer its coronet flashes;
Renounced for a time are the joys of the world;
Hail penance, and sackcloth, and ashes!

'Twas well I accepted Jack's offer last night,
During Lent he'll be quite entertaining;
To receive my betrothed will be perfectly right,
And by Easter he'll be in good training.

Dear fellow, his look was of perfect despair,
His voice as he asked me was shaking;
Well, he's won—he can have all the time I can spare
From the bonnet for Eastern I'm making.



one asked her what was the name of the piece she had recited.

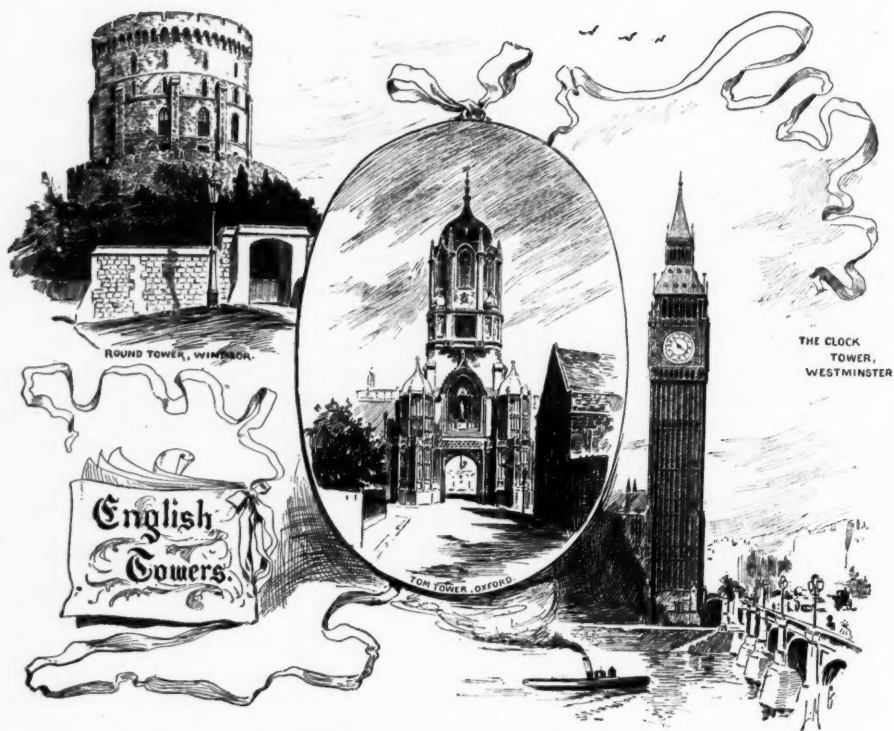
Modjeska laughed heartily. "I am sorry to have deceived you," she said. "The fact is, my memory played me a trick. I could

not remember a single one of the ballads I used to know, and as I had to give you some sort of a recitation, as a last resort I recited the numbers from one to two hundred and fifty in Polish."



A CHARGE REFUTED.

MR. MONEYBAGS (to married daughter)—"Of course every one says that Jack married you for money."
DAUGHTER—"Why, father, that's ridiculous. I haven't any money—it all went to pay Jack's debts."



FAMOUS TOWERS.

The most striking feature of ancient and modern architecture—Famous towers of the Old World and the New, from the minarets of India to the Eiffel Tower, from the medieval churches and castles of Europe to Madison Square Garden.

By George Holme.

THERE is no feature of architecture so pleasing as a tower. However beautiful may be the porticoed entrance, however varied or extensive the façade, the eye will fly at once to the tower and follow it into the air with a sense of exaltation.

Like any other artist, an architect must be something of a poet, and since the days of Babel's confusion the tower has always stood for worldly or spiritual ambition. It represents the desire to rise, to get away from the earth, to breathe higher air. It is this instinct that leads us to make a tower an integral feature of a church.

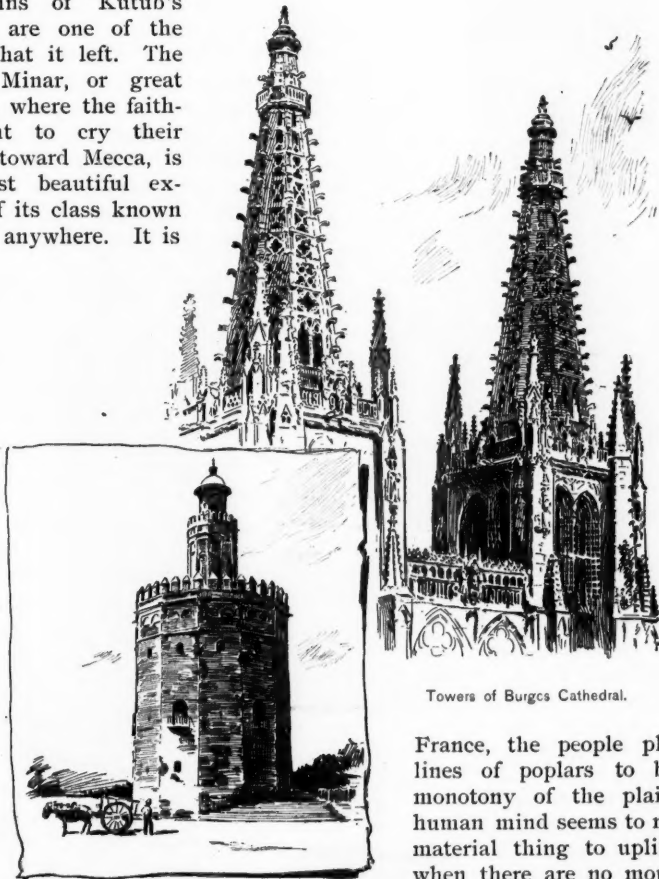
The tower is the very earliest form of decorative architecture, antedating the

dome by centuries, as we may see from the towers of India and the obelisks of Egypt. The typical Indian pagoda is a structure of rare interest to architect and archæologist. Its proper purpose was to mark the cell in which a sacred image was placed. The great pagodas which we see in the ancient temples indicate, by their size, their beauty of finish, and their delicate workmanship, the value of the god whose dwelling they cover.

One of the finest examples of Indian architecture is at old Delhi; and curiously enough, while it is the work of Hindoos, it was completed under the directions of a Turk, and used for a mosque. Kutub ud din Ibek was a Turkish slave boy who by his bravery

and wisdom rose to be one of the generals of the great Shahab, who conquered India in 1193. When Shahab died, India fell to Kutub, who made Delhi its capital, and founded the historic Pathan dynasty, which lasted for three centuries and a half. The ruins of Kutub's mosque are one of the marks that it left. The Kutub Minar, or great minaret, where the faithful went to cry their prayers toward Mecca, is the most beautiful example of its class known to exist anywhere. It is

poetry of design and beauty of detail. All of Italy's towers stand in plains. A plain seems to arouse the desire to build a tower. Nowhere in England are the church spires so beautiful as in the flat sea levels of Lincolnshire. In



Towers of Burgos Cathedral.

The Torre del Oro, Seville.

of ample proportions—forty eight feet in diameter at the base, and over two hundred and fifty in height. It is ornamented by four boldly projecting balconies, between which are belts richly fluted and sculptured. The material used is white marble, with occasional courses of red sandstone.

The Campanile of Giotto, in Florence, is one of the very few European towers that claim to rival the Kutub Minar in

France, the people plant long lines of poplars to break the monotony of the plains. The human mind seems to need some material thing to uplift it, and when there are no mountains it tries to substitute something artificial. The Egyptian pyramids and obelisks are in the desert.

Many of Italy's towers lean, because they were inadequately supported, or not properly built; but Giotto's campanile stands firm and stately. Giotto's orders were to erect an edifice which should surpass in loftiness and richness of workmanship any building of the best days of Greece and Rome; and this tower, so far as it was carried out conformably with his design, is answerable



The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

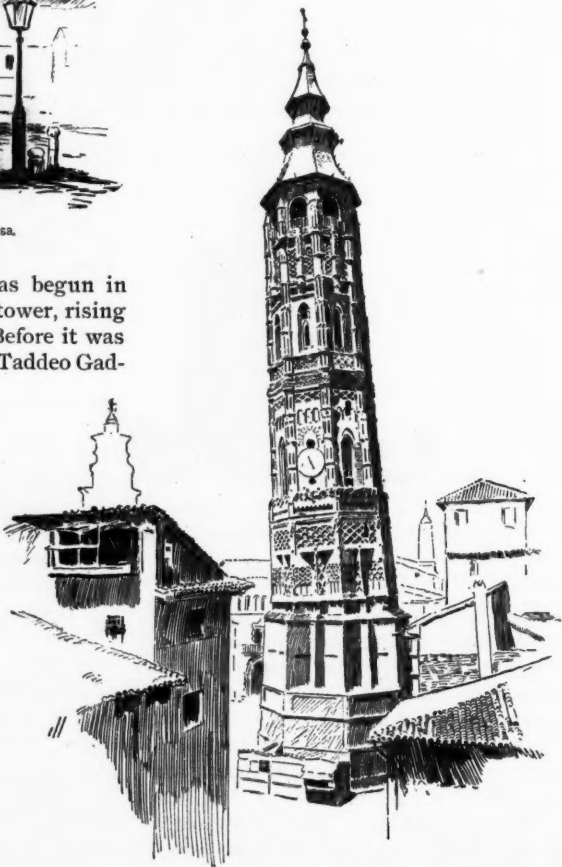
to the requirement. It was begun in 1334, and is a quadrangular tower, rising to the height of 275 feet. Before it was completed Giotto died, and Taddeo Gaddi, who finished the work, deviated in some respects from the first master's design, leaving off the spire, which should have risen ninety five feet higher, and would have taken from the tower its squareness of outline, its only defect.

The entire exterior of this noble campanile is cased in black and white marble, corresponding with the cathedral at whose side it stands. Time has mellowed its color into an exquisite creamy tint. The white marble tablets of the

basement story are bas reliefs from designs by Giotto, and were partly cut by his own hand. They represent the progress of civilization in an elaborate series of groups.

Inside the tower a stairway leads to the summit, where there are six fine bells, one of which bears the arms of the Medicis. Near its base is a marble tablet, saying that five centuries ago there was a stone seat here where Dante used to sit and watch the progress of the work. The campanile gave many ideas to the designers of our World's Fair buildings in Chicago, and there were made, for one summer's life, designs which were great elaborations of Giotto's ideas.

As the campanile is the most beauti-



The Leaning Tower of Saragossa.

ful tower in Italy, that of Pisa is the most remarkable. When the eye can become accustomed to its strange inclination, it is also discovered to be beautiful. Its top is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, and it is a very old story that tourists always cling to the upper side for fear that their added weight will topple it over. A rope that hangs from the center of the topmost

something distinctive. But by looking closely at the structure one can see exactly where the builder began to realize, to his dismay, that his tower was threatening to fall—owing, no doubt, to a sinking of the foundations upon one side. When the tower had reached



The Watch Tower, Andernach.

story touches the side wall before reaching the ground.

It has been thought by a great many people that the peculiarity of Pisa's famous tower was intentional. Even Goethe advanced such a theory. Tower building, he argued, had come to be such a fancy that almost all the great men of Italy were erecting some sort of a tower to their own memories, just as the ancient Egyptian kings used to erect obelisks; and the Pisans agreed to have



Towers of Cologne Cathedral.

about half way its intended height; the collapse must have commenced, for the architect began lengthening the columns and strengthening the structure with iron bars. It is hardly probable that it will ever fall, as it has stood firm for five centuries.

There is another well known leaning tower in the Spanish city of Saragossa, which is nine feet out of the perpendicular. It is entirely of brick, and seems a frail structure; but as it has leaned for four hundred years it hardly seems in danger of falling.



Giotto's Campanile.

Spain as well as Italy has towers which are interesting not only from their beauty but for their historic interest. The Giralda, the Moorish tower attached to the cathedral in Seville, is unique in Europe. It was begun in the twelfth century by Abu Yusef Yacub, when Seville was a Moslem city, and from the gallery of the great tower, as from the Kutub Minar in India, the muezzins called the faithful to prayer by the long drawn cry of "Allah il Allah!" When the city capitulated to the vic-

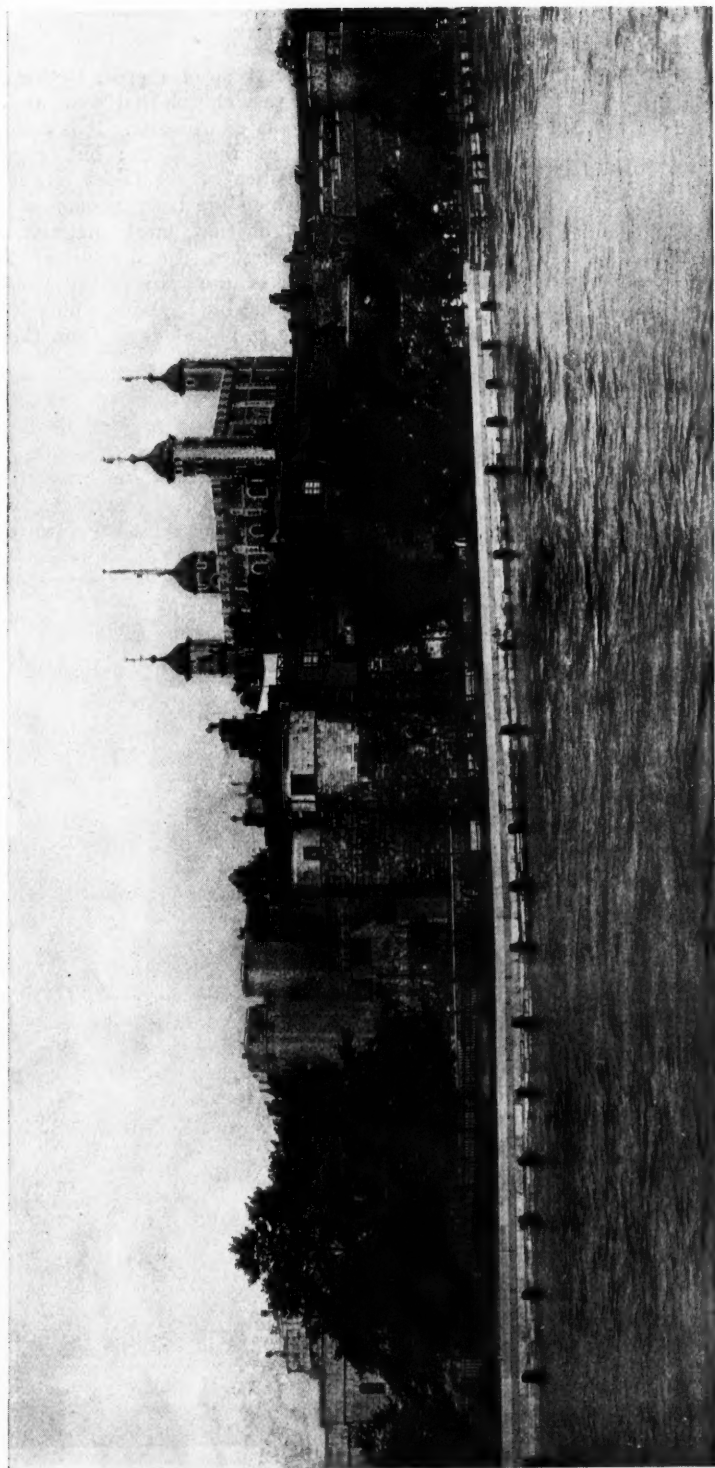
torious Christians, the Moors dreaded their beautiful tower being put to base uses, and stipulated that it should be razed to the ground. The Christians consented to this, but when they saw its beauty they broke their word.

The tower of the Madison Square Garden, in New York, is a poor copy of the Giralda, yet still is beautiful. Indeed, there is no architectural feature of the metropolis which so charms the eye as the slender tower that rises above the trees of Madison Square.

Seville has another tower, the Torre del Oro, which is insignificant enough now, but whose every stone, casting its shadow upon the waters of the Guadalquivir, recalls one of the most romantic episodes in Spanish history, the story of



The Eiffel Tower.



The Tower of London.



Madison Square Garden Tower.

Pedro of Castile and the fair Maria de Padilla. In these prosaic days, the Golden Tower has been changed into offices.

The towers of the great churches of Europe attract the eye everywhere. In Burgos in Spain there is a church built in the form of an octagonal tower by the son of the notorious Duke of Alva. It is just behind the beautiful open work spires of the cathedral, three hundred feet high.

The perfect type of a great Gothic cathedral is the vast church that soars above the clustered roofs of Cologne. It is called the St. Peter's of the North; but even the splendid basilica of the Popes might envy its spires, which are truly poems in stone. So too might that most magnificent of Christian churches, the duomo of Milan, whose tower is unworthy of the wonderful "mount of marble" above which it rises. The Cologne cathedral dates from the thir-

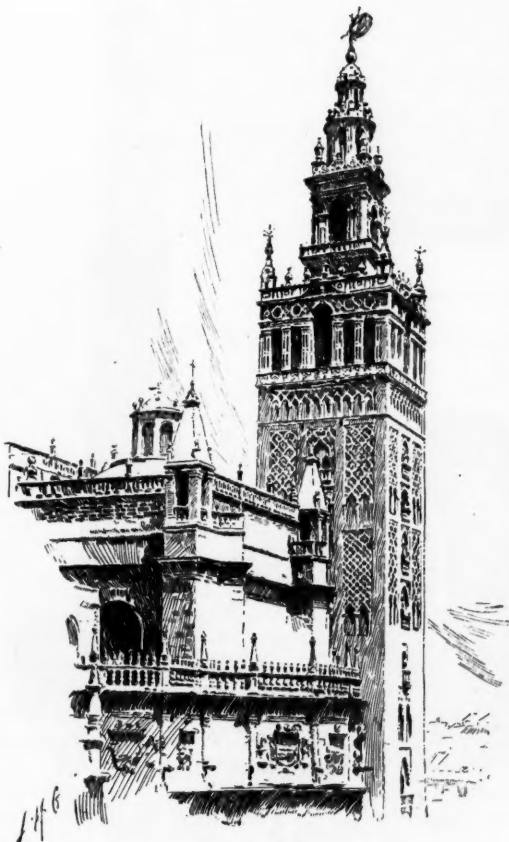


Tower of St. Thomas' Church, New York.

teenth century, but the spires were not completed until our own days.

The Rhine, as it flows past Bingen, Coblenz, Andernach, and Cologne, is rich in remnants of those feudal days when robber barons housed themselves and their retainers in fortified towers. When the Normans crossed the Channel to England, they erected feudal strongholds like those of the continent. William the Conqueror set the White Tower, the central part of the great Tower of London, upon the ruins of a tower built by Caesar. It was designed for a royal palace, and it became the most interesting and terrible building in history.

The Norman king also built the Round Tower of Windsor Castle for a hunting lodge. Like the White Tower, it has had many more added to it, until it has become the very ideal of a feudal stronghold, although occupied by a peaceful sovereign as a residence.



The Giralda, Seville.



Tower of Trinity Church, New York.

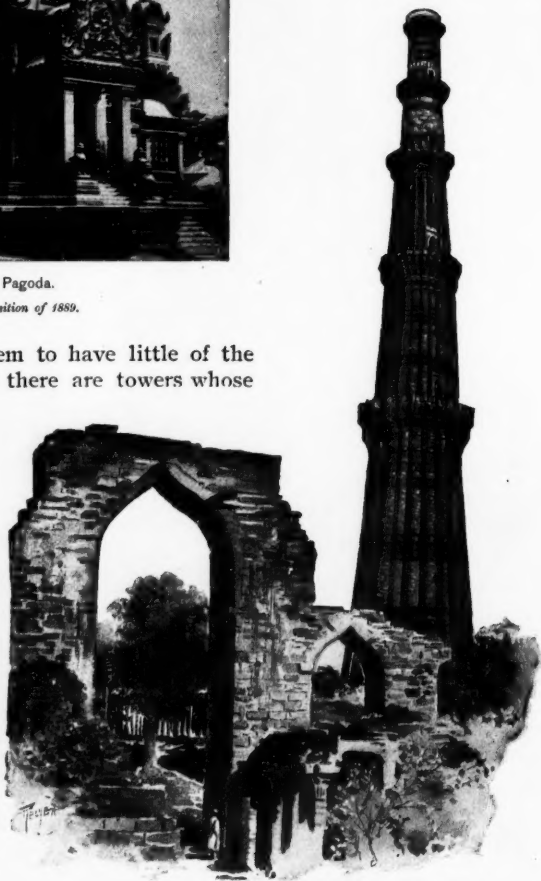


A Typical Indian Pagoda.
Shown in the Paris Exposition of 1889.

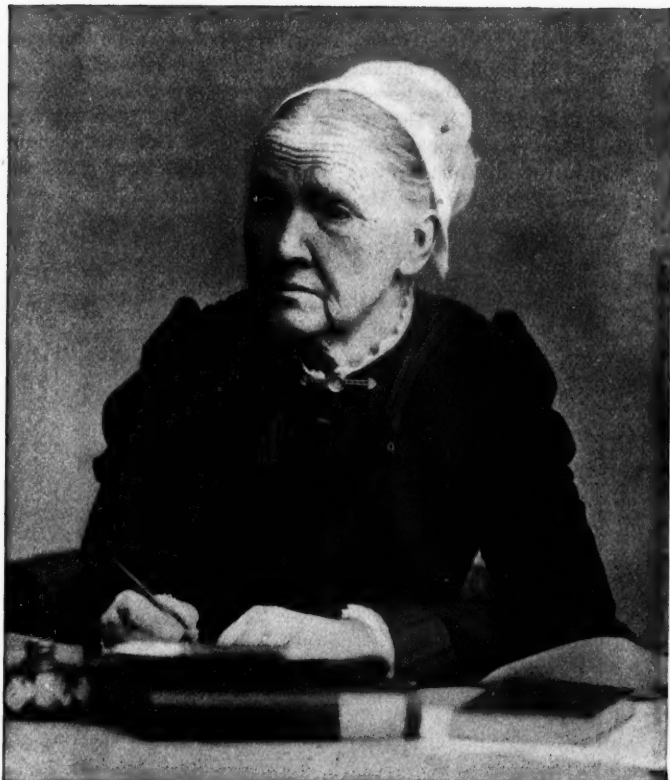
The English of today seem to have little of the tower building instinct; yet there are towers whose faces are carried in the hearts of Englishmen to the ends of the earth they go out to conquer. The old Tom Tower at Oxford, from which rings the curfew, and the tower where Big Ben booms out over the parliament buildings at Westminster, are two of them.

In America the church towers are, properly speaking, almost our only examples of that form of architecture. Some of them are very handsome, though they do not compare with European towers that are the results of centuries of

patient toil. Trinity's spire was for a long time the pride of New York, as its highest structure, but now it is being dwarfed by the huge office buildings. Yet even prosaic America has never reached the point of erecting so vulgar a structure as the Eiffel Tower. That iron monstrosity overtops artistic Paris like a tremendous commentary upon her material estate. Its form tells its story as plainly as the beautiful campanile of Giotto, or the Kutub Minar, tells its own.



The Kutub Minar, Delhi.



Julia Ward Howe.

From a photograph by Davis, Gardiner, Me.

JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

The author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as she is today—The impress she has left upon the thought and literature of her time, and the talents inherited by her clever daughters.

By Margaret Field.

IN a rather small, old fashioned home, on Beacon Street, half way between the Public Gardens and the Back Bay, lives a woman who has seen the civilization of America form itself, and has added potent ingredients to it. In the parlor of this little house have sat and talked the greatest men of America, and the best of America's visitors. They seem to have left in the atmosphere some indefinable flavor, like a lingering perfume, which tells even the casual visitor that here has been high thinking and noble speech.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was born, in 1819, into a fashionable New York family of that day. Her brother, the well known Sam Ward, belongs to the New York of his generation. Her sister married Mr. Crawford, the artist, whose son is the clever and successful novelist, Marion Crawford.

As a girl, Julia Ward was sent to the most conservative of fashionable boarding schools, where back boards and all the appliances for forming prim young ladyhood were in vogue. Her own individuality was so great that she came

out of this to be the apostle of the equal rights of men and women. As early as her wedding journey, she began to make the impressions which have hardened into facts of American life. Dr. Howe, her husband, was an enthusiastic democrat, a republican of republicans, whose creed was the love of humanity. He found in her an ardent sympathizer.

Dr. Howe had paid particular attention to the study of the deaf and dumb and the blind, and was the first man in

famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was such a fruit. Dr. and Mrs. Howe were visiting Washington in 1861, making their way there through a line of guarding pickets. One day they drove out some distance from the city, with Mr. and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, to attend a review of the troops. The enemy interrupted the proceedings, and the Boston party was hastily escorted back to the city. On the way the soldiers sang "John



Laura E. Richards.

From a photograph by Davis, Presque Isle, Me.

America to do anything toward lightening their darkened condition. The journey to Europe was longer in those days than it is now, and for a companion upon their wedding journey Dr. and Mrs. Howe had Horace Mann. The young bride, full of her husband's projects, talked them to Mr. Mann, with the result that the Horace Mann institutions for the blind are among our greatest charities.

Coming back to Boston, the Howes were welcomed as the friends of the men and women who gave that city its reputation as a center of culture.

Mrs. Howe was a woman of brilliant and quick perceptions, and an impression seemed to fix itself upon her mind until it bore fruit of some sort. The

Brown's Body." Mr. Clarke, seeing Mrs. Howe's intense face as she listened to the sad martial music, said to her, "You ought to write some new words to that tune."

"I will," she replied.

In the gray of the next dawn she awoke to find the lines arranging themselves in her brain. She lay quite still until the last word said itself, when she arose, and in the half darkness wrote them down. The song was first sung in Libby prison, and then the words were caught up, and from prison to battlefield

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat"
echoed until victory was sounded.

Mrs. Howe's daughters have been followers of her theories concerning freedom. They have seen her preside over suffrage societies all their lives, and as they grew older they added their share. The eldest daughter married Mr. Anagnos, a Greek gentleman, who took up

most beautiful daughter, is the wife of John Elliott, the artist. She lives for half the year in Rome, and for the other half in America, generally spending her summers at her mother's modest Newport house. Her first novel, "A Newport Aquarelle," is a bright picture of



Maud Howe Elliott.

From a photograph by McIntosh, Gardiner, & Co.

Dr. Howe's work for the blind in Boston, and who founded the first kindergarten for the blind in the world. She died several years ago, but not before leaving a strong influence upon Boston charities.

Mrs. Laura Richards, the second daughter, is the wife of a New England business man, with a houseful of children of her own; but this does not prevent her being an author. Her best stories are those written for her own children, and some of them are classics of their kind. "Captain January" is her best known book.

Maud Howe Elliott, Mrs. Howe's

their summer life there. The Howes are closely identified with the Town and Country Club in Newport, which is semi literary. But Mrs. Elliott's great success has been as a lecturer. She became much interested in General Booth's work in London, and last winter lectured in Boston upon "The Submerged Tenth" both in public halls and in drawing rooms.

Florence Howe Hall, another of Mrs. Howe's daughters, has confined herself chiefly to social topics in her writings; but through them all runs the leaven of her mother's spirit, the love of liberty and goodness and truth.

THE STAGE

"MADAME SANS GÊNE."

AMERICAN playwrights make but a poor showing on our stage this season. The French and English writers have it all their own way. Henry Arthur Jones, for instance, has three of his pieces playing here simultaneously. So had Sardou, before "A Woman's Silence" was taken off. Fanny Davenport is filling the Fifth Avenue Theater nightly with his "Gismonda," while the Pitou production of his great Napoleon play, "Madame Sans Gêne," has had clear time reserved for it to the end of the season at New York's big Broadway Theater. Over \$20,000 has been spent in

preparing it for the stage, the scenery and costumes both being of unusual magnificence even in these days of costly spectacles. Abroad, the receipts from the play have amounted already to more than half a million dollars.

We present a portrait of Kathryn Kidder, taken in one of the costly gowns she wears as *Madame Sans Gêne*. Miss Kidder will be remembered as one of the impersonators of *Dearest*, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Earlier yet she appeared in romantic plays with the late Frank Mayo. For the past year or two she has not been acting. She has spent a good deal of time in Paris,



Kathryn Kidder as "Madame Sans Gêne."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



Amy Busby.

studying "Madame Sans Gêne" in close consultation with Sardou himself.

AMY BUSBY'S RUSE.

PRETTY Amy Busby is a Rochester girl, although for two years she was able to spend only one week at her home. We say "pretty" Amy Busby, but she is much

more than that. The fire and spirit she threw into her rendering of *Louka* in "Arms and the Man," showed that she is fitted for other work than the light society parts she played while with Crane. Mr. Mansfield paid her a notable compliment when he complained that Charles Frohman at once took her away from him. The lead-

ing rôle in "The Fatal Card," at Palmer's has been assigned to her.

Rather a romantic story attaches to her first appearance. Her family were much opposed to her going on the stage. But she

tion to rank with the "Carmen" of last year, and the "Faust" of the year before. A novelty, however, is the Saturday night performance at popular prices. On these occasions the five dollar orchestra chairs be-

come \$2.50. The real music lovers, whose purses as a rule are slender, gladly welcome these opportunities to hear the best at reasonable cost, but the masses—that element on whom the management relies for reimbursement in recognition of its liberality—look askance on these "popular nights."

"There'll be nobody worth seeing in the boxes," they say. "I'd rather go less often, and be present on one of the brilliant occasions."

The present company boasts five American prime donne, among the new ones this year being Lucille Hill, whose portrait we give. She studied in Paris under Marchesi. Then she went to London, and sang the leading part in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," which procured her an engagement with Sir Augustus Harris, for grand opera at Covent Garden. The rôles in which she has been most successful are *Marguerite*, *Nedda* in "Pagliacci," and *Michaela* in "Carmen."

"THE MASQUERADERS."

It is stated that Charles Frohman was very nervous on the night of the first production, at the Empire Theater, of Henry Arthur Jones' much talked of play. He is reported as saying to Henry Miller, at the close of the second act, "The fate of the piece is now in your hands. It rests with you and Miss Allen and Mr. Faversham to

make the night's triumph or——"

But Mr. Frohman's agitation was uncalled for. The very considerable sum he had already spent on "The Masqueraders" will be returned to him many times over before the play loses its drawing powers. Its subject matter is unpleasant, it is true, but the first act contains a most effective stage picture, a lively scene when the impromptu auction takes place, and a most touching



Lucille Hill.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

managed to procure an engagement before she was out of short frocks, by donning a train and putting her hair on the top of her head. The star with whom she had signed was much surprised to find that she had a girl instead of a woman on her hands.

THE OPERA SEASON.

Up to the time of writing, grand opera at the Metropolitan has provided no new sensa-



Stephen Grattan.

"curtain," where *Dulcie* runs back to imprint a kiss on her discarded lover's forehead. The second act is slow from the standpoint of action, but it is very far from being uninteresting, while in act third occurs the great scene where the husband and the lover cut the cards to see who will win the wife. The last act is rather weak, but contains some strong situations.

"The Masqueraders" may be set down as the leading dramatic attraction of the winter.

FROM COLLEGE TO STAGE.

STEPHEN GRATTAN, the new accession to the Lyceum stock company, went direct from the Jesuit college at Fordham to Mr.

Daly. He remained with this manager four years, gaining in that time an experience of waiting that is not uncommon with those who have cast in their fortunes with the Thirtieth Street house.

"During the first year," he told the writer, "I had a part with a single line. It was in 'She Would and She Wouldn't,' I think, and ran something like, 'My lord, the horses are ready.' Well do I remember the first night I said it, with James Lewis standing behind me and whispering, 'Now, now.' Another memorable episode of my Daly experience was carrying Charles Fisher off the stage in a buck basket. That was in the 'Merry Wives.'"



Annie Russell.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Mr. Grattan was for some time identified with the leading rôle in "The Ensign." His work thus far with Mr. Frohman has been highly meritorious. He is a most conscientious actor, throwing his whole soul into his art.

THE ORIGINAL, ESMERALDA.

ANNIE RUSSELL's return to the stage, after years of absence due to illness, has been one of the pleasantest episodes of the winter in the theatrical world. Her re-entrance was effected in "The New Woman" at Palmer's, and as *Margery* she showed that she had at her command other

sources of power than those of the purely idyllic school of acting with which she used to charm us.

Miss Russell comes of theatrical people. Her mother was an actress, and her brother is the Tommy Russell of "Fauntleroy" fame. She appeared first as a child in "Miss Multon," with Clara Morris in Montreal, and later was *Josephine* in a juvenile *Pinafore* production in New York. Then she and her brother went with a company to the West Indies. On her return she found that Mr. Palmer was contemplating bringing out "Esmeralda" at the Madison Square Theater. She went to him and ap-



Olga Nethersole.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

plied for the part. But she was only a girl of sixteen, with her hair down her back, and short frocks; and there were eleven other applicants for the rôle. The list soon dwindled down to three, of which she was one; and from these three she was finally selected. Her impersonation was a triumph, and the play ran for three hundred and fifty nights. Then she appeared at the same theater in "Elaine." It was during the run of this idyll that she fell ill. As many doubtless know, Miss Russell is the wife of Eugene W. Presbrey, Mr. Palmer's stage manager.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

"SOME day I want to play *Camille*. In imagination I have died a hundred times

in that part, and I am so sorry for the poor girl."

This was the wish that Olga Nethersole was wont to put in words, not so very long ago either, for she is but twenty five now, and it was her *Camille* that captured America for her after she had without any great success tried to charm it with a less hackneyed piece. There have been few triumphs more devoid of artificial props. Passed on from one manager to another, Miss Nethersole's name was not considered to contain the letters that spell success till, as a sort of makeshift after the failure of "The Transgressor," Dumas' perennial story of the sickly woman was put on. Then New York realized that a genius was its guest, and made haste to do her homage.



Bessie Tyree.

From a photograph by Morison, Chicago

The secret of this young Englishwoman's power is her thorough sincerity. "I cannot understand the man or woman," she says, "who goes through a strong, emotional scene on the stage, turning right around and speaking in a natural manner as soon as he or she is in the wings. I believe in living the part. It may be foolish, but after 'Camille' is all over and I return to my hotel I dismiss my maid for the night, and sob out all the heartache and the pain when no one is by to chide me or insist upon my being gay and cheerful."

"Romeo and Juliet" is among the plays in Miss Nethersole's repertoire, and her conception of the heroine can be relied on as an entirely original one, as she never saw any one else play it. She was a governess in England till she went on the stage to play in melodrama at eighteen. Nethersole is her real name, and she travels with

her brother. She is to play a return engagement at Palmer's in February. As soon as it can be got ready a dramatization of "Trilby" is to be put on at this theater.

A CHAT WITH BESSIE TYREE.

NEW YORK gladly welcomed a revival of "The Amazons" at the Lyceum while "The Case of Rebellious Susan" was being rehearsed to follow "A Woman's Silence." In speaking of Pinero's popular comedy Miss Tyree says that in some towns where their last autumn's tour took them, the public were greatly surprised not to see them come on the stage in helmets and with sword in hand to do combat after the manner of the traditional Amazon.

"Oh, I assure you it was very funny," she laughed. "Then, in one of the cities, they took the whole play seriously, just as if it was a tragedy. Which reminds me,



Juliette Corden.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

that's what I thought it might be for me the second night of the New York revival. In my interview with *Tweenways* I have to smoke a cigarette. The fire department requires us to use parlor matches that strike only on the box and go out very easily. I took out my match safe and struck one, which broke off at the point; a second did likewise. The third flared an instant, and then went out. By this time some men down in front began to laugh, and I could feel the color creeping up into my cheeks. I started on my fourth match, but by this time I knew that five hundred pairs of eyes were watching my efforts, and I was not much surprised when the thing split in two. The silence was growing embarrassing, so I began to gag the part as best I could. Then, when the next two matches went back on me, I whispered to *Tweenways*, 'Go on with the scene.' But I got my cigarette lighted with the seventh match. Now this may seem like a little thing, but it can cause a great deal

of annoyance, and only goes to show how important even the most trivial bits of business are to us people of the stage.

"No, we by no means depend upon the author for everything—that is, on some authors. With 'A Woman's Silence,' for instance, Sardou merely furnished the incident of reading that telegram by matchlight; we got up the talk over it among ourselves."

Miss Tyree, who impersonates a woman of the advanced type in "Rebellious Susan," has come very rapidly to the front. She is a Virginia girl, who left Sargent's school of acting to take a part in "The Charity Ball."

"ROB ROY."

THEY say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and with this axiom in mind De Koven and Smith should have ceased hoping to duplicate the success of "Robin Hood." But, again, "it is the unexpected that happens," and so perhaps the great hit of their Scotch opera is not so much of a mystery after all. That it is a hit nobody can doubt who lingers long in the metropolis. "Rob



Maud Young.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Anna O'Keefe as "Captain Ralph Sheridan."



Lizzie Macnichol as "Flora MacDonald."



Richard F. Carroll as "Dugald MacWheeble."

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN "ROB ROY."

Roy" scarfs are exposed for sale on every hand, and the Scotch plaid has become almost as much of a fad as "balloon" sleeves. This being the case, it goes without saying that the pretty Herald Square Theater, where the Whitney forces have been giving the opera since the 29th of October, is thronged every night, and as the company was organized on the "stock" principle, with no particular star whose name could be counted on to draw of itself, the success is all the more a legitimate one.

We print herewith the portraits of five people concerned in the presentation, one of them, Maud Young, having started in as understudy to Juliette Corden. Miss Corden is very properly placed in her present surroundings, as she is of Scotch descent. When she was only fifteen Colonel Mapleson declared that she ought to have her voice cultivated, and her parents acted upon the famous impresario's advice. After studying in Paris she returned home and became a prima donna with the Bostonians.

Lizzie Macnichol, who plays *Flora MacDonald*, is well known to the grand opera stage, having been with the American, the Emma Juch, and the Hinrichs companies. Her repertoire is extensive, one of her greatest successes being *Siebel* in "Faust."

One of the most attractive personages in "Rob Roy" is Anna O'Keefe as *Captain Ralph Sheridan*. Miss O'Keefe's last appearance on the comic opera stage was during the early days of "Panjandrum." She acts simply for the love of it, her family being very well to do. She lives with her mother, and is a most accomplished housekeeper. As one of King George's grenadiers, she is particularly winning. Without much range of voice, she sings sweetly and effectively.

Exceedingly clever is Charles Carroll, the comedian of the piece. He dances well, and his entire performance adds no end of merriment to the opera. He comes rightfully by his laughter provoking abilities, his father having been a minstrel. After a varied career on the vaudeville stage, young Carroll became a favorite comedian at the Casino, where he appeared in "Nadja," "The Grand Duchess," and "The Brazilian." For two years he was with the Duff company, playing the comedy rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It is said of him that since he first appeared on the stage there has only been one week when his salary did not touch the hundred dollar mark.

It is not too much to predict that Carroll,

if he develops in accordance with the ability he evidences in "Rob Roy," will some day take rank with Wilson and Hopper.

"GISMONDA."

IN "Gismonda" Fanny Davenport has a play written in Sardou's strongest vein. He has suffered himself to be bound by no conventions; has painted with free hand, on the broad canvas of the human passions, the insistent love of a man of nature as it triumphs over the pride, the will, the honor, of a woman reared amid all the graces of Athenian culture. As produced by Miss Davenport at the Fifth Avenue Theater, the play is notable for its superb mounting, the powerful fourth act being set on lines as magnificent as they are unique.

While Miss Davenport has not the physique of Sarah Bernhardt, she meets the exacting requirements of her rôle with truly artistic skill, and is ably seconded by Melbourne MacDowell, whose stalwart frame is admirably suited to the falconer.

"THE FATAL CARD."

MELODRAMA has won the day at Palmer's. Critics praise and the public applauds the London importation in which artists who have hitherto walked sedately through society plays lend themselves to lynching, pillage, murder, and the throwing of dynamite bombs. One can readily imagine one's self in a Bowery rather than a Broadway house, but nobody seems to feel that "The Fatal Card" is misplaced. In brief, it is a very interesting play, abounding in strong, dramatic situations, and with no tiresome explanations why certain people happen to be in certain other people's houses, how certain others came into possession of sufficient money to carry them across the ocean, or of other improbabilities that are constantly cropping out in the action. Theatrical license is boldly taken for these, and the result is a decided success. The scene in act third, showing two rooms and a hallway in an office building, where the murder occurs, is highly realistic, as is also the escape from the lynching in the first act; while the dynamite explosion in the last is one of the most thrilling incidents known to modern stagedom. The beauty of it, as well as of the others mentioned, is that they are all legitimately worked up to, and not dragged in by the heels, as it were.

E. J. Ratcliffe, J. H. Stoddard, W. H. Thompson, Amy Busby, Agnes Miller, and May Robson are among the people in the cast, going to make it a star one in the best sense of that oftentimes misapplied term.

UNC' ISRAEL'S ELI.

By Francis Lynde.

THE afternoon sun was swinging low over the Coosahatchee Bottom, and the strident drumming of the jar fly had supplanted the more cheerful notes of the birds and the grasshoppers. In the pools of slack water by the roadside, where the shadows of the forest were the deepest, an occasional frog cleared his throat to try the first few bars of the trilling symphony which would presently usher in the twilight; and in the small glades where the overarching branches of the sweet gums and the cypresses made bosky caverns even at midday, the fireflies were beginning to swing their tiny lanterns.

The wagon road through the creek bottom ran along the top of a slight embankment, which was the approach to the half mile or more of rude trestle work spanning the swamp and the stream; and the low ridge of stiff clay afforded the only outlet from the flatlands west of the creek to the county town of Toccocona on the railway. It was a poor road, even as Mississippi country roads go; but the dwellers beyond the Coosahatchee were mostly negroes, and they neither complained nor amended, though occasionally one or another of them, going to town with a bale of cotton in the miry weeks of early spring, would make dire threats of devoting a day to the thankless labor of road mending.

Eli had made some such promise to himself on his way to Toccocona that morning, when his shakly little wagon had sunk to the hubs in one of the deeper ruts; but the day had been warm enough to dry the mud, and he was thinking of other and more important matters as he jolted along in the evening toward the Coosahatchee bridge.

"Faw de Lawd's sake, whut 's a po' niggah gwine do?" he asked himself for the twentieth time since he had driven out of Toccocona. "Dar ain't no sawt o' use a-mekkin cotton faw seben cents, en dat's all we gits, en dat's all we's gwine ter git. En den Cap'n Sawyeh done shek his head lak he gwine go back on dat price 'caze I doan jump at hit. Look lak he t'ink I's 'bleeged ter sell."

The plodding mule had reached the first planks of the bridge, and Eli pulled up to listen. The causeway was only wide enough to admit of one vehicle at a time, and it was customary to give the road to whoever first secured it. A curve in the low bridge obstructed the view from end to end, but Eli heard the beat of hoofs on the loose planking, and waited.

A man riding a mule presently came in sight; and as he approached, Eli saw that he was a mulatto and a stranger. The rider drew rein beside the wagon, and asked if he were on the road to Toccocona.

"You is dat, sho'."

"Escuse me, but is this Brotheh Chadbu'n?"

"Ya-as."

The mulatto held up two fingers of his right hand, and made a cabalistic sign in the air.

"Whut's dat?" inquired Eli suspiciously.

"Escuse me again, Brotheh Chadbu'n; they told me up in Memphis that you was one of us," said the mulatto, smiling affably.

"One o' which?"

"One of the Sons of the Mawning Star; I see they was mis'formed about it. Hasn't the Grand Satellite been down this a way yet?"

"Ain't see no Gran' Sad'lite yit," replied Eli with awakening interest. "Whut all does de Sons ob de Mawnin' aim ter do?"

The mulatto looked cautiously up and down the road as if fearful of being overheard. "I'm not 'zackly at liberty to esplain more than the gen'ral outline only to those which means to join us," he said guardedly, "but I can say, in a fo'mal and circumstantial way, that what we aim at is to raise up and enervate the whole down trodden race."

"Niggahs?"

"Colored people," amended the other.

Eli looked incredulous. "I like ter know how you gwine do dat! De white folks got 'nough o' dem 'speriments in de reconstruction times—dey ain't gwine 'low no niggah t' fuss wid politics."

"Politics ain't the only way, Brotheh Chadbu'n," said the mulatto, with a superior smile. "The Sons of the Mawning Star don't even question a man what his politics is. These United States is great enough and free enough to 'low every pusson, black and white, a place to stan' up and be a man. Our objec' is to help the pore colored people to rise up and shake off the dus' of this unprofitable lan' from their feet; to go where they can be reco'nized and 'preciated; where the lan' is free and unmitigated, and on'y waiting for you all to enter in and dispossess it. That's what the Sons of the Mawning Star aims at, Brotheh Chadbu'n, and I hope you'll make up your mind to cast in your lot and sojourn with us."

Eli Chadburn—Unc' Israel's Eli, he was called, to distinguish him from another of the same name in the Coosahatchee settlement—was a leader among his people. Unequipped with anything in the form of education, and with no help save that given him by wife and children, he had managed to become a freeholder in a land where the negro is, almost of necessity, a struggling tenant. This of itself was much, but he had done more. By the exercise of a thrift and economy which was the more praiseworthy since it had neither precedent nor example among his neighbors, white or black, he had not only kept out of the hands of the crop mortgagee, but had scraped together sundry small savings in ready money which, for the want of a better depository, reposed in unearning idleness under a stone in the cabin hearth. With all these leanings toward frugality, however, Eli had his share of the foibles of his race; and he listened with open mouthed credulity to the glib argument of the mulatto.

"Wha's dishyer lan' dat you all 's a-p'intin' at?" he inquired.

"In the West, Brotheh Chadbu'n—in the bountiful and 'bundant West."

"Reckon you all kin git mo' dan seben cents faw cotton-out dar?"

The mulatto smiled again and drew out his watch. "We don't 'low to 'pend on cotton, Brotheh Chadbu'n; we make wheat and cawn, oats and rye and barley. One crop is what we 'low to pay for the lan'."

"Faw de Lawd's sake—one crap! Dat must be de fines' lan' in de worl'!"

"It's mighty fine lan', Brotheh Chadbu'n—it is that," replied the other, consulting his watch again. "I'll have to be goin' on now to make my 'pointment in Toccolona, but I aim to be back tomorrow evening; and in the mean time, Brotheh

Chadbu'n, you can be turning the matteh over in your min'. Good evening."

"Evenin', sah, evenin'," returned Eli, pulling his mule into the road again, "we all be mighty glad t' see you. Lif' yo' feets, Gin'ral, en go 'long home! Dishyer ain't no place faw gwine ter sleep!"

Twilight had settled down over the Coosahatchee Bottom before the General had measured half the length of the bridge, and the still air was sibilant with the shrill voices of the frogs and tree toads, mingling with the sharper treble of the crickets. As the dusk thickened, the pale green lamps of the fireflies multiplied until the edges of the somber forest were flecked and dotted with the sparks of lambent incandescence.

"Gwine rain ag'in 'fo' long; dem light-nin' bugs hoverin' mighty close ter de groun'," said Eli. "En dat 'll mek yo' wuk all de wusser; you heah dat, you no 'count triflin' muel?"

The General lopped one long ear back toward the wagon, and changed his gait into a vertical trot that was slower than the walk. The ruse was an old one, but it never failed of imposing upon Eli, who relapsed into silence again, and contented himself with an occasional twitch at the cotton reins when the General showed signs of backsliding.

A hundred yards beyond the end of the bridge the mule pointed both ears forward and stopped. Eli reached down into the wagon box for the whip, but straightened up again without it at the sound of horsemen galloping toward him. There were three of them, and they pulled up at the sight of the negro and his equipage.

"Hello, is that you, Eli?" said the nearest, reining up beside the wagon.

"Ya-as, sah, dat's me, faw sho', Mars Harry."

"Did you meet up with a coffee colored boy riding a mule back in the road?"

"Who—me?" asked Eli, using the interrogative phrase as a stop gap to gain time.

"Yes; a sleek lookin' mulatto, dressed in store clothes. Calls himself Henry Allen, and claims to be some sort of a land agent."

"'Peahs lak I does 'membek sich a boy, Mars Harry, 'way 'long back yondeh by de Oberon Mills Fawk. What kind o' muel he ridin'?"

"Tol'able fair sized bay mule—good saddle and bridle."

"Dat's de same identikle niggah, Mars Harry; I didn't 'zamine him so ve'y hawd; 'caze I's on one road en he's on turrer, but I's swar ter dat muel, faw sho'."

"Which a way was he goin'?" asked one of the others.

"He p'intin' stret faw de mills, a-mekkin' dat ol' muel lif' his feets lak de road was a-bu'nin' 'em."

"That's all we want to know; come on, Harry."

"Hol' on, Mars Harry, des a minute; whut all's dat niggah been doing?"

"He's been stirrin' up the niggers all over the country with a lot of lies about a land scheme out West. He's got a lot of our people to agree to go with him after father's done made them their advances—says bad contracts are better broken than kept. I reckon we'll show him a few things if we catch up with him!"

Eli waited until the sound of the clattering hoofs on the bridge had died out in the distance; then he pulled the General's head around, and chuckled softly to himself as he drove homeward.

"Dey ain't gwine cotch Mistoo Allen on de Oberon Mills road, not dishyer night. Ef he des make dat muel go 'long, he gwine ride slap froo t' Toccolona 'fo' dem boys fin's whut's de matteh."

The Chadburn cabin was a scant mile from the Coosahatchee, and only a stone's throw from the Toccolona road. When Eli turned out of the highway, his eldest boy was standing at the bars ready to admit him.

"Mammy say come in ter yo' suppeli; me 'n' Pete'll put de muel up."

Eli climbed out of the wagon and entered the cabin, where a tidy looking woman, the mother of his four boys, was raking the sweet potatoes out of the ashes on the hearth. She looked up at the sound of his step, and her face lightened.

"Bress de Lawd, Eli, I's glad you's come! I's mighty 'feard you git yo'se'f mix up in some sawt o' trouble 'long dem boys. Dey gwine mek hit mighty wahm faw dat yallah boy ef dey cotch him."

"Dey ain't gwine cotch him, Celie, gal; des mek up yo' min' ter dat. Mistoo Allen done retch Toccolona long 'fo' dem foolish boys git back f'om de Mills. Hit tek ol' Eli t' send 'em de wrong road. Did Mistoo Allen 'light heah?"

"Ya-as."

"Spec' he done tol' you 'bout de Sons ob de Mawnin'?"

"He done tol' me whut he darst."

"I's gwine heah mo' 'bout dat, Celie, gal, w'en he come back; I's gittin' mighty tired a-mekkin' cotton crap faw seben cents."

"Is dat all Cap'n Sawyeh gwine give?"

"Dat's all; en he mek out lak he don' keer 'bout payin' de cash money, nohow. 'Lowed he git plenty cotton 'fo' de summer time faw lessen dat."

In former seasons, when there had been a living margin in cotton, the emigration agent would have found his scheme quite as acceptable to the majority of the negroes, but he might have failed to find such a ready convert in Eli Chadburn. As it happened, however, his visit was well timed to secure the enlistment of the small freeholder. Eli knew cotton planting in all its laborious details. His twenty acres of bottom land were strong and nearly self sustaining, and with the help of his wife and the four boys he was able to handle the crop from planting to picking without hiring other help; and yet for three successive years the low price of the staple had made it impossible for him to make ends meet, and the hard earned hoard under the hearthstone diminished accordingly. Like thousands of his race, he knew no other means of livelihood; and he could see that it was only a question of time when the unprofitable crop would devour first his savings and afterwards his land, leaving him in a condition of semi slavery like that of his tenant neighbors. He was ready to grasp at the first plausible scheme that offered itself.

Secrecy, with its accompanying claptrap of grips, pass words, and signs, finds ready soil in the mind of a descendant of slaves, and the emigration agent found his account in basing his scheme upon a secret order. Moreover, the half educated mulatto was an adept in the art of surrounding the scheme with the mysterious and meaningless grandiloquence which appeals so forcibly to the credulity of the negro.

Contrary to their usual custom, Eli and his wife sat over the embers of the fire long after the boys had gone to bed in the loft above; and when the husband rose to bank the coals under a bed of ashes for the night they were both fully committed to the cause of emigration, and were ready to welcome its apostle with open arms when he should come on the morrow.

According to his plans, set forth at some length in a letter to the Reverend Abijah Brindley, the emigration agent, in the guise of a traveling evangelist, should have addressed a select audience in the Zion Baptist Church at Toccolona that evening; but the fates, personified by the three riders who had interrogated Eli, willed otherwise. The audience gathered early in the dingy little church, and waited with con-

tented African patience until the Reverend Brindley was reluctantly compelled to dismiss the meeting with a second reading of Brother Allen's letter, followed by a fervent prayer for the safety of the missing evangelist.

Elder Brindley had the gift of eloquence in prayer and in exhortation, but it is fair to assume that his petitions would have gained something in fervor on this occasion had he been aware of the peculiarly trying nature of the difficulties in which the apostle of emigration had become involved. Upon reaching the Oberon Mills Fork, the three riders had divided their forces in the exact proportion which measured their doubt of the credibility of Eli's information, one of them galloping in the direction of the Mills, while the others took the road to Toccolona. The mulatto heard his pursuers, and after a frantic trial of speed, in which the bay mule was far from proving itself the better horse, Allen abandoned the animal and plunged into the forest.

Fear lent him agility, but he was not a moment too soon. The horsemen thundered up in time to see the riderless mule, and to hear the splashing of the fugitive in the swamp at the side of the road. They promptly flung themselves from their saddles and gave chase, guided by the crashing in the underbrush. For a few minutes Allen's anxiety to keep near the road seemed likely to cost him his liberty. In his terror, however, he finally lost the sense of direction; and as he plunged deeper into the swamp his pursuers gave up the chase, and remounted, to patrol the road in the hope of capturing the mulatto when he should come out of the swamp to continue his journey.

But the agent's ignorance of the country helped him again, and after two hours of aimless wandering in the pitchy darkness of the forest, he stumbled out upon the road at the eastern extremity of the Coosahatchee bridge. He recognized the locality at once; and pausing only long enough to assure himself that there was no one within hearing, he hurried away in the direction of the only refuge that suggested itself.

Half an hour later, Eli was awakened by a knocking at the back door of the cabin.

"Who's dar?" he asked, getting out of bed and going to the door with a vague premonition of coming trouble.

"It's me—Henry Allen; for Gawd's sake lemme in!"

Eli opened the door, and then closed it quickly behind the shivering mulatto. The darkness in the room was almost

tangible, but the chattering of the fugitive's teeth confirmed Eli's forebodings.

"Dem ha'umsca'um boys didn' cotch you, did dey, Brer Allen?" he asked.

"No, I 'luded 'em in the swamp; but I's mos' daid—mos' daid, Brothel Chadbu'n," replied the mulatto, his terror manifesting itself in a curious touch of atavism in his dialect. "Cayn't you mek a fiah an' lemme git wahn an' dry?"

"Betteh not darst do dat, Brer Allen; dem boys gwine see de light w'en dey's ridin' back home, en de ol' debil hissef ain't gwine keep 'em out 'n de house ef dey 'spects you's hidin'. Tek off dem wet cloze, en I'll git some mo'; den you kin clomb up in de lof' en git wahn unde' de quilts."

Eli's fears had a speedy confirmation. The terrified emissary had barely time to change his clothing before the rattling of the bars gave warning of the approach of the nightriders. Allen stooped to gather up his belongings, but Eli hastily interposed.

"Ne'm min' dem t'ings!" he exclaimed, pushing his guest along to the ladder at the end of the room, "Clomb up dar, quick!"

While he spoke the intruders were at the door, battering it with the ends of their riding whips.

"Lawd a' goodness, who's dar?" ejaculated Eli, jumping upon the floor as one might spring out of bed. "I's a-comin'. Faw mussy sake doan mash dat do' in! Oh, dat's you, is hit, Mars Harry? Bress de Lawd, you done scar' me twell I's trem'lin' des lak er popple leaf! Did you all cotch dat yallah boy?"

"You know very well we didn't catch him. Have you got him hid around the house somewhere?"

"Ain't see hide n'r ha'r o' dat boy sence long 'fo' dark, des lak I tol' you all," asseverated Eli, thankful that the darkness enabled him to tell the literal truth.

"All right, Eli; we'll take your word for it, but if you should happen to meet up with him, just tell him that the climate of the Coosahatchee Bottom's mighty unhealthy for coffee colored niggers from the No'th. Tell him it 'd only 've been hickories to-night, but it'll be s'ot guns the nex' time he comes prowlin' around among our people."

Eli promised, and breathed freely again when the young men rode away. There was no need to repeat the warning to the trembling fugitive in the loft; he had heard every word of the conversation, and he obstinately refused to stir from his hiding

place during the whole of the following day. More than that, he seemed to have lost all interest in his mission; and it was with considerable difficulty that Eli persuaded him to assume his proper function of Grand Asteroid for the purpose of inducing the eager neophyte into the mysteries of the secret order.

After the initiation ceremonies were concluded, Allen pocketed the fee of two dollars, and promised to send Eli a certificate of membership from the Grand Lodge in Memphis, qualifying the pledge with the condition that its fulfilment would depend upon his own safe arrival in the city.

"Dar ain't gwine be no trouble 'bout dat, Brer Allen; I see you safe on yo' way w'en hit come night ag'in."

Eli was as good as his word, and better. He not only guided his demoralized guest to the cabin of a friendly acquaintance beyond the hills to the westward, but he became the mulatto's creditor for ten dollars borrowed money—a loan which the emigration agent negotiated on general principles, and which was suggested by Eli's ready payment of the entrance fee to the Sons of the Morning Star.

Allen's experience with the night riders made him afraid to risk taking the train at Toccolona, and it was at his own urgent solicitations that he was conducted back over the route by which he had come. When they were well out of the dangerous neighborhood of the flatlands, his courage revived again, and he poured the seductive story of migration into the willing ears of his guide, explaining the details of the colonization scheme, and enlarging upon the certain and abundant prosperity which would reward the migrants in the El Dorado of western Kansas.

In this conversation Eli learned that the first party would organize in Memphis in two weeks and he promised the mulatto to join it. Whereupon the wily agent cautiously disclosed the plan which had been the chief object of his first visit to the Chadburn cabin, namely, the enlistment of the freeholder as a sub agent to work among the negroes in the Coosahatchee settlement. Eli knew perfectly well that not one in fifty of his neighbors had either ready money or convertible property, and that nearly all of them had already obtained advances of food supplies and clothing from their landlords or from the store in Toccolona on the security of the forthcoming crop; but the present is always the unanswerable argument to the negro, and Eli lost sight of the difficulties for the moment, and promised

to urge the movement forward by precept and example. With this understanding they parted at the door of Allen's acquaintance, and Eli began his homeward journey through the gloomy forest.

When he had gotten well beyond the reach of the persuasive influence of the agent's arguments, it began to dawn upon him that he had undertaken a very difficult and hazardous mission; that he had voluntarily assumed the responsibilities which the mulatto had found too heavy to be borne; and the recollection that Allen had somehow managed to make it appear that his own standing in the secret order, and, consequently, his prosperity in the new field, would depend upon his success in the delicate work of recruiting, was far from comforting.

"You's plum fool niggah, dat's whut you is!" he muttered, apostrophizing himself as he stumbled along through the woods. "W'y ain't you got 'nough sense ter min' yo' own bizness? You ain't gwine git nobody ter go, 'caze dey ain't got de money, en you knowed dat well 'nough from de staht. En you didn' hab no betteh sense dan ter spect you's gwine tu'n de whole worl' ober des lak hit's piece er bacon in de skillit. I ain't got no sawt er patience wif you—dat I ain't! En whut you reckon Cunnel Hawdy say w'en you mek out like you gwine run his niggahs off? You reckon he gwine set still en 'low hit? En ef he don't twis' yo' neck, whut's dem ha'um-sca'um boys gwine do? Dey don' care ef yo' ol' daddy was de bes' en de onlies' body servan' dat ol' Gin'ral Hawdy ebber had; dat ain't gwine keep de hick'ries off'n yo' back."

Since this view of the case became more clearly obvious with the lapse of time and the lack of further stimulus from external sources, it is not to be supposed that Eli went out of his way to make migratory proselytes among his neighbors; but even the little he felt in duty bound to say was as the torch to a carefully laid train of powder. Within two days of the announcement that Unc' Israel's Eli had determined to try the hazard of new fortunes in the West, all work had ceased in the Coosahatchee Bottom, and the unwilling agent was besieged at all hours of the day by anxious inquirers, whose difficulties were as small in the matter of decision as they were boundless in the lack of means. To add to Eli's perplexities, it had become noised about that his authority extended to the setting aside of such trifling obstacles as railway fares; while not a few among the would-

be migrants insisted, with true negro optimism, that it was only necessary for Eli to make the proper representations to the indefinite "company" in order to provide them with free lands in the new El Dorado.

In the midst of these harassments there came a message from Colonel Hardy, conveyed to the beleaguered Eli by word of mouth through Henry Hardy, to the effect that the colonel was much displeased at the reports which reached him of Eli's pernicious activity in the colonization scheme. The message lost none of its significance in transmission, and it concluded with a peremptory summons to the great house on the hill. Eli gave his promise readily enough, but he was rather disconcerted when Henry made sure of its fulfilment by insisting upon an immediate compliance.

Eli went unwillingly, trudging beside Henry's horse and endeavoring to pull himself together to meet the exigencies of what he feared would be a trying interview. He found the colonel sitting upon the broad veranda of the family mansion, smoking a corn cob pipe, and evidently waiting for the return of his son with the culprit. Colonel Hardy had the reputation of being a short tempered man, and Eli approached him with a degree of trepidation which the justice of his cause and his own independence did little to assuage.

"You's wantin' ter see mē, Cunnel Hawdy?" he asked, injecting into the simple question the inflection of subservient respect which thirty years of emancipation had not served to efface in the son of the old general's body servant.

"Yes. What is it I heah about youh getting up a sawt of exodus among ouh niggers?"

"Fo' de Lawd, cunnel, I ain't been doin' dat; no, sah, dat I ain't!"

"Don't lie to me, Eli; it was only yeste'-day evenin' that Abe was telling me about it—said you're agent for a land company out in Kansas, or something of that sawt."

"Dat fool niggah don' know whut he's talkin' 'bout, cunnel, 'deed he don'. I's gwine dar myse'f, en I don' mek no 'casion faw sec'cy 'bout dat, but ter de bes' ob my 'fo'mation en b'lief, dar ain't a single nurrer pusson gwine 'long er me 'cept Celie en de boys."

"Then why have they all stopped work?"

"Dat's des 'caze dey ain't got no betteh sense, cunnel. Dey ain't got no money, en dey cayn't go nowha's; but dey des drap de plow in de fiel' en pesteh de life out er me 'caze dey knows I's gwine."

The colonel smoked meditatively for a

few moments, and then knocked the ashes from his pipe. "I'm right much disappointed in you, Eli; I suhtainly am. I always allowed you had betteh sense than to let a smooth tongued No'thern nigger make a plumb fool of you. How much do you know about this heah fine scheme of his?"

Eli repeated some of the arguments advanced by the emigration agent, while the colonel refilled his pipe.

"That's about what I allowed. You don't know the very first initial thing about the country, the people, the climate, or anything else, and yet you'll th'ow up everything you've gathered heah to go and chase lightning bugs. I reckon you'll sell your twenty acres?"

"'Peahs like I ain't gwine git de chainece, cunnel; I's tryin' mighty hawd."

"I reckoned so; I reckon you cayn't go if you don't sell the land."

"Oh, ya-as, sah, I's done got li'l' bit er money lef', but I'd like mighty well ter sell dat lan'," said Eli, trying to gather courage to offer it to the colonel.

"How long did it take you to pay faw that patch o' land, Eli?" asked the colonel irrelevantly.

"Fo' de Lawd, cunnel, I's done disremember 'bout dat; hit tuk mo' yeahs dan I kin count."

"And yet you're aiming to th'ow it away after it has suppo'ted you all these yeahs. Well, I reckon that's youh own affair; but you're making the biggest mistake of your life. You niggers have got a heap to learn yet, and one thing is that the good Lawd never intended you to be pioneers. I've done traveled all over this heah fine Western country that you're aiming at, and the best nigger I eveh saw couldn't hold his own faw a week with the people out thah who are fighting faw their ve'y existence in that desert land. You'll know a heap more about it a little later on."

"Ya-as, sah, ya-as, sir, I 'spects so."

Eli was much too respectful to argue the point, and he stood twisting his battered hat until the colonel resumed.

"Well, if youh mind's made up, just go ahead and get out of the way as quick as you can; thah won't be any work done in the Coosahatchee Bottom till you're gone. Nobody's going to lay a straw in your way so long as you don't try to run the contract niggers off, but you know well enough that you can look for a heap o' trouble if you try that."

"Fo' de Lawd, Cunnel Hawdy, I ain't gwine do dat; dey cayn't go; en I des keep a-tellin' 'em dat twell I cayn't talk no mo'."

Eli felt that the interview was ended, and he began to move off. The colonel called him back as he was going down the steps of the veranda. "'Bout that thah patch o' land; if you cayn't sell it, you can set youh price on it and leave it with me."

"T'ank you, cunnel, t'ank you kin'ly, sah—I's might'ly 'bleeged t' you—'deed I is; dat's des like de Hawdys, sho' 'nough," and bowing and scraping, Eli backed out of the presence and went down the avenue.

True to his protestations to Colonel Hardy, Eli did what he could to allay the migratory fever among his neighbors during the few days that remained; but it is much easier to light a fire than to quench it, and his arguments fell upon unheeding ears. To make matters worse, the contagion spread to the surrounding plantations, and with the increasing throng of eager inquirers came vague warnings of trouble.

The first definite intimation of his danger came to Eli through Colonel Hardy's boy Abe. Eli questioned him closely, but the young negro knew nothing more than that the colonel had bid him tell Eli to hasten his departure.

"I reckon hit's de night ridehs," said Eli gloomily.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout dat; de colonel mek out lak he mighty anxious faw you all ter be gwine."

"Tell the cunnel I's mek has'e; we's gwine t'morrow er de next day, sho'."

So ran the well meant intention, but the unfamiliar tasks of preparation for the long journey demanded more time, and it was not until the evening of the fourth day that they were completed. It was to be the last night in the cabin by the Coosahatchee, and Eli had dismissed his latest visitors at dusk in order that the family might retire early.

The unusual labors and distractions of the past two weeks had wearied them all, and Eli, true to the instincts of his race, slept soundly under conditions that would have made sleep impossible for a white man. It was a calm, starlit night, full of the perfumes of early spring, and vocal with the shrill music of nature's orchestra—a night fitted for rest and oblivious slumber; and it was not surprising that none of the inmates of the Chadburn cabin heard the muffled hoof beats of a troop of horsemen approaching along the road from the eastward, or that Eli's first intimation of danger came in a shower of blows rained upon the cabin door.

He sprang out of bed with tremulous haste, and obeyed the stern command from

without to open the door. One glance at the shadowy white figures in tall conical caps, ranged in the yard, told him what to expect, and he fell upon his knees on the threshold and began to beg for mercy.

"Oh, good Lawd, hab mussy—hab mussy on a po' niggah dat ain't been doin' de leastes' thing in de worl'! Oh, Mars ridehs, good Mars ridehs, des lemme off dis once——"

Two of the silent figures grasped him and dragged him out of the house, pinioning his hands and slipping the noose in a rope's end over his head.

"Oh, good Mars ridehs!—oh, Lawd——"

The petition was cut short by a jerk on the rope. The ghostly figures closed up around the trembling negro, and hurried him away toward the flickering light of a fire in the swamp at a little distance from the cabin. As the squad of white robed riders disappeared with their prisoner, a small black object rolled out of the open door and wriggled its way across the yard toward the horses, which were left in charge of a single sentinel. The man had dismounted, and when he stepped into the fence corner to get a better view of the small glade illuminated by the fire, one of the horses began to move slowly in the opposite direction, cropping the grass at the roadside as he went. A minute later, when the guard looked back toward them, there were only eight horses in the troop instead of nine; but the curtain was about to rise on the drama in the firelight, and he did not notice that one of the animals was missing.

During the short journey from the cabin to the glade, Eli's captors marched in ominous silence; but when the group deployed into the open space before the fire, six of the men formed a semicircle facing the terrified prisoner and his two guards, and one of them, whose red baldric marked him as the leader, raised his hand and pointed solemnly at the negro.

"Eli Chadbu'n, you have been tried and foun' guilty of the crime of disturbing the peace of the State by stirrin' up the niggers to the aidge of an insurrection. You have exho'ted and advised them to disrega'd their contrac's; to set at nought the bindin' promises made to their benefactaws——"

"No, sah, please, sah, I nebber done dat!"

"Silence!" commanded the leader. "You not only did that, but you shelte'd and countenanced a nigger called Henry Allen, an escaped criminal unde' whose ordehs you have been working, and by whose confession you stan' convicted. The sentence of this cou't faw such crimes as youh'n is

death, but owin' to youh past good be-havyeh, and to the fact that this heah is youh first offense, it has been commuted in youh 'special case to fawty lashes with the hick'ries."

Eli would have groveled at the feet of his merciless judge, but even this poor privilege was denied him. At a sign from the leader the two guards dragged the unresisting negro to the bole of a giant sweet gum, unbinding his hands and lashing him upright with his face against the rough bark of the tree. With pitiless celerity five of the ghostly figures selected hickory rods from the pile beside the fire, and ranged themselves in line behind the writhing victim. Then the nearest man raised his instrument of torture, and brought it down with a stinging cut across the bare black shoulders.

There was a stifled cry mingled with the sound of galloping horses, and the executioner paused with uplifted rod as two armed horsemen dashed into the group in the glade.

"Drop that hick'ry, seh, and turn that thah boy loose!" commanded the foremost of the two intruders. There was a moment of sullen hesitation, and then the order was obeyed. When Eli was free, the colonel waved his hand majestically toward the road. "Gentlemen, youh hawses are oveh yondeh; when I need any of youh 'sistance to maintain awdeh 'mong my niggers, I'll notify the las' one of you by name, seh. I have the honeh to wish you a ve'y good evenin'."

While he was speaking the ghostly figures began to melt away as if by magic, and when he had finished all of them had vanished in the darkness. Eli had flung himself upon the ground beside the colonel's horse in an ecstasy of gratitude.

"Oh, Cunnel Hawdy! You's done sabe me f'om de tawment! De good Lawd mus' hab fotch you en Mars Harry t' he'p de po' Eli!"

"Get up, boy, get up and go 'long back to bed. They all won't pesteh you again to-night. And while you're thankin' the good Lawd, don't fawget to make mention o' that little black rascal o' youh'n—what's his name?—Pete. He stole one of the enemy's hawses and rode straight to whah he reckoned he could find help."

Eli followed the colonel and his son to the road, and bade them good by. "I's gwine in de mawnin', praise de Lawd—gwine to de lan' wha' de po' niggah don' hab ter git his ol' mars out'n de baid in de nighttime t' sabe him f'om de tawment; wha'—"

The colonel laughed. "Don't be too hard on old Mississippi, Eli. It'll be the home of a good many niggers afteh we're both put away unde' the sod. Good night."

The next day, when he was riding to Toccolona, the colonel noticed that the small cabin in the edge of the swamp was deserted.

* * * * *

Six weeks after the incident in which he had figured as the rescuer of Unc' Israel's Eli, Colonel Hardy was riding across the Coosahatchee bridge on his way to spend the evening with Judge Ellis, at Oberon Mills. It was early twilight, and when he turned the bend in the long causeway, he saw a group of negroes coming along the road toward the eastern approach to the bridge. They were heavily laden, and even in the distance they appeared dejected and forlorn. The colonel needed no gift of prescience to tell him that Eli's experiment had failed, but he was scarcely prepared for the extravagant outburst of joy that greeted him as he rode up.

"Bress de Lawd, hit's de colonel hisself! Drap yo' bun'les, Celie, honey, en' mek yo' 'spects t' Cunnel Hawdy—you boys, tek off yo' hats—been so long sence dey see any sho' 'nough quality folks dat dey done los' deir marnehs 'pletely, sah."

"Reckoned you'd come back to old Mississippi, did you, Eli?"

"Ya-as, sah, ya-as, sah, t'ank de Lawd we's done got back; hit done tuk de las' pic'yune, sah, but we all ain't gwine pesteh none 'bout dat, no, sah."

"Well, I reckon you know a heap more 'bout the West than you did before."

"Oh, Lawd, cunnel, doan bre'k po' niggah's back like dat! Des nothin' but flat, col' prairee lan', so hawd dat de plow des skeet 'long 'dout ebber mekkin a mawk. Dey ain't had no rain faw seben weeks, en dey ain't gwine hab none, dat's my 'pinion. En de po' niggahs is des campin' out in de win' en freezin', 'caze dar ain't no logs faw mekkin' de cabins."

"Then the great emigration scheme was a swindle, just as I allowed it was."

"Hit am dat, faw sho', cunnel; dey ain't keer faw nothin' but gettin' de po' niggah's money. W'en dat's gone, he kin des shif' faw hisse'f like white folks!"

The colonel smiled. "I reckoned that was about the way of it; and you niggers cayn't stand alone yet, nohow. You ought to thank the good Lawd that you've got a home to go back to—youh twenty acres and the cabin are still thah, and you can

go up to the plantation and tell Mandy to give you some bacon and corn meal. You cayn't make cotton this yeah, but I reckon that's all right. The plantehs oveh in Yalobusha are raisin' truck for the No'thern market, and I don't see why we cayn't do something of that sawt on the Coosahatchee. Come over to the house in the mawning, right soon after breakfas', and we'll see what can be done."

The eyes of the little group at the bridge end followed the colonel until man and horse were swallowed up in the gathering dusk; then Eli bent to resume his burden.

"Come awn, chillen; we's gwine awn home now ter res' in de ol' cabin, praise de Lawd, en we ain't gwine chase de lightnin' bugs no mo'. Lif' yo' feets, Celie, honey; I's des a-honin' ter see de fiah in de ol' chimley ag'in. Come awn."



THE CITY.

BESIDE the shining water serene she sits in state,
Fronting the noonday splendor, keeping the New World's gate;
Mother of hope and promise, city of light and dream,
Smiling in beauty's triumph, changed with each changing gleam;
Beside the shining water she draws her veil of mist
Over her flashing jewels, opal and amethyst.

In twilight's purple vapor, in morning's rain of gold,
Forever round her island walls the glittering tides are rolled;
And the great sea's utmost secret, the river's tenderer song,
Sound through her mingled voices the changeful year along.
Like doves to her bosom flocking the proud, swift ships come home,
Tracking her glassy waters with arabesques of foam;
And to her heart's strong throbbing a thousand hearts keep time,
Where far across the bay's clear stretch is borne her silver chime.

Indrawn, the sullen shadows from lapping waters creep,
Cold, through the teeming channels where her life's stream courses deep;
Indrawn, her breath comes faintly, in broken sob and moan,
Slow, through her up toss'd thunders—a secret monotone
Sounding from dark recesses, the voice of want and wrong,
Till her mad, sweet, varied music seems but a siren song;
And all her noonday glories, her midnight crown of flame,
Seem but the false regalia of anguish and of shame;
While o'er that aching tumult she draws her veil of mist,
With the mocking gleam of jewels, opal and amethyst.

Still by the shining water serene she sits in state,
Fronting the noonday splendor, keeping the New World's gate;
And still her sun wrought signals flash from her lifted spires,
And still beneath the light of heaven she burns her midnight fires,
And the proud, swift ships flock homeward, and hope drawn hearts beat time,
As far across the bay's clear stretch is borne her silver chime.

Marion C. Smith.

LITERARY CHAT

ANOTHER ENGLISH VISITOR.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY's list of published novels numbers nearly thirty, and his latest one, "A Martyred Fool," is about to appear in America. Mr. Murray says that he learned his art as a reporter, and that he founds his stories on facts. People who read his "First Person Singular" will remember the intimate knowledge he showed of continental secret societies, and how subsequent events bore out the truth of his descriptions. His present work deals with the Anarchists.

Mr. Murray's first successful work, and what he considers the strongest of all his work, was a report of an execution for a provincial newspaper. It doubled the circulation of the paper, and men like Sala and Archibald Forbes wrote to know the author.

"I agree with Mark Twain's theory," Mr. Murray says. "An experienced man is far beyond a college bred man. The Book of Life is more than all the books together. I have tramped, I have campaigned, I have starved, I have dined with cabinet ministers. It all goes to the making of a successful novelist."

Mr. Murray is at present "reporting America." He is a tall, well built man, with a great deal of gray hair and a stern gravity in his face; a man of vigorous speech and quick action, full of magnetism and delight in life.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ALTHOUGH we have been told for years that Robert Louis Stevenson was a dying man, still few people realized that the magic brain could cease to work, that there could be an end to his story telling.

His publishers, who were in constant communication with him, were building upon works to come. There was one new novel half finished, and others sketched. Mr. Stevenson never promised any work at a specific time, because he never knew when he was going to work. He had some of the eccentricities of genius—although genius was the one thing which he himself declared he had not. He always told everybody that everything he did was the result of hard work and nothing else; that he had probably achieved greater success with less material than any other writer. This, like

some other "facts" about himself which Mr. Stevenson used to relate, was listened to with an eye in the direction of his always vivid imagination.

In an account of his first book, Mr. Stevenson told how it purchased food for his family. Perhaps it did, but it was not because that family had not already a very comfortable income.

One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Stevenson's life was his marriage, which people who knew him and Mrs. Stevenson could never reconcile with their knowledge of them both.

When still a very young man, ill, eccentric, Mr. Stevenson met, in France, a lady many years his senior, the wife of a San Francisco business man, and the mother of two children. They fell in love with each other. In another age, their passion would probably have had the prefix "grande," and been sung by minstrels.

If Mrs. Osborne had not come from California nobody knows what would have happened. As it was, she went back home, had an interview with her very obliging husband, and set about procuring a divorce. Then Stevenson embarked in a ship as a mason, and came to this country, crossing the ocean and the continent by steerage and emigrant train. When he reached San Francisco, he was so reduced by hardships that he fell ill. Mrs. Osborne nursed him back to health and married him, her former husband acting in the place of her father and giving her away. Although Stevenson was only forty four at the time of his death, he was step grandfather to a boy of thirteen.

The marriage was a fortunate one for Stevenson. His wife's care for him was maternal. She took every worldly responsibility from his shoulders, and left him free to exercise his brilliant and most wayward fancy. It is refreshing to come back to a Stevenson tale after an excursion into the medical literature of the day—the diagnoses of prevalent mental diseases—and live with his hearty, real people. He had every talent of the true story teller. His style was limpid, beautiful, and so simple that a child never found himself perplexed over his meanings. There were depths in them that few readers could sound, but the child never discovered it. Stevenson was not a man who degraded literature by trickiness of any sort. He

never confounded his work and his medium. He never told a tale to show his style. You forget all about that. He told a real, swinging, thrilling tale, which lifted you bodily from your every day surroundings and took you into the mansions his fancy had provided for you.

His stories were popular as all real works of genius are popular. When his publishers had used them over and over again, they sold them to the makers of "boiler plate" for country newspapers, and the adventures of *David Balfour* and *Catriona* were read in the little farm houses in the West and South, side by side with the county news.

Stevenson was buried in his beloved Samoa, at the top of a wooded mountain which overshadows his old home.

"POE'S LOST POEM."

At last James Whitcomb Riley has published "Leonainie" in one of his collections of poems, and is ready to tell the world how it came to be written.

Mr. Riley was a reporter on a little paper in Anderson, Indiana, and wrote everything they would set up, in rhyme. He used to tell the county news, the advertisements, and everything else, in jingles. The editor of the rival paper jeered at the "poetry," and, Mr. Riley says, "used to drive me wild," notwithstanding the fact that Longfellow had written to him and told him that he had the true poetic insight. "If there is anything in your stuff why don't the magazines print it?" his rural critic would ask triumphantly.

Riley kept insisting that the only reason they did not was because he had no reputation. "If my verses were over a big name they would go." He said this so often that he finally determined to put the matter to the test. He wrote to some friends who published the *Kokomo Gazette*, and suggested to them that they should "find" a manuscript of a poem by Poe, and publish it. They agreed, and Riley set about writing the poem.

He studied Poe's methods very carefully, and he turned out a poem which Poe's biographer sent for. It was said at the time that Edmund Clarence Stedman pronounced the poem to be Poe's own. It made the sensation Mr. Riley had anticipated, and even yet there are people who wonder why it has not been put into Poe's collected works.

Although all the county papers called Riley a forger, and he lost his position on the Anderson newspaper, the fact remained

that he had written a poem that Poe's friends claimed for him, and his enemy was silenced.

ANOTHER JOURNALIST IN LITERATURE.

THE New York *Sun* has turned out more than one man who has made a reputation in literature. They believe, in that editorial room, that the best literature is none too good for the people, and they expect even their reporters to come as near to it as possible.

One of their star reporters, Edward W. Townsend, is about to make his bow to the public in his own person, with a book containing the stories of *Chimmie Fadden* and *Mrs. Major Max*, both of whom are old friends of the *Sun's* readers. Mr. Townsend is a Californian, and is well known in army circles, some members of his family being officers. He was long connected with various San Francisco papers, at one time being business manager of the *Examiner*. Only the other day, it seems, he left San Francisco to become a Washington correspondent. From there he came to the *Sun*. His stories of New York's great east side were casual, and almost accidental; but they made a hit, and it is expected that in book form all their old friends will welcome *Chimmie* and "*de Duchess*."

Mr. Townsend has a novel almost ready for the press.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

ALTHOUGH it may be in the form of dialogue, we are compelled to speak of any new work of Ibsen's as a literary rather than a theatrical episode. There was a day when a play from him was an event, but that day has passed, except in the minds of a few faddists. Anything so unnatural as Ibsen's studies can never appeal to the healthy minds of the people. If the abnormal characters which have been given to us lately in novels and plays were common enough to be anything save curiosities, the human race would be in the last stages of decay, which it certainly is not. It is only a little spot of the world that is "decadent" from over civilization.

Ibsen's latest drama is called "Little Eyolf," and is another story of the everlasting "marriage problem." The woman in this case becomes jealous of her crippled child, and allows him to drown before her eyes.

The London correspondent of a New York literary weekly says pityingly, "There is really no common curiosity abroad to see

the sequel. Everything promises a success upon the heights."

MR. WILDE'S "EXPENSIVE BOOK."

WHILE almost everybody is crying for cheap books, Mr. Oscar Wilde is sending out a lament that it is impossible to buy an expensive book any more. So he has written one. It is called "The Sphinx," and it is a poem. Twenty five copies only have been printed, and they are sold, or are to be sold, for thirty dollars apiece. The book is illustrated by Mr. Charles Ricketts, and is, as a matter of course, an ideal book from the printer's point of view.

We give a line or two—a sample of Mr. Wilde's idea of an "expensive" poem:

Come forth, my lovely seneschal!
So somnolent! so statuesque!
Come forth, you exquisite grotesque,
Half woman and half animal!
Come forth, my lovely, languorous sphinx,
And put your paws upon my knee,
And let me stroke your head and see
Your body spotted like the lynx;
And let me touch those curving claws
Of yellow ivory, and grasp
The tail that, like a monstrous asp,
Coils round your heavy velvet paws."

Sometimes people expect some sort of a sign from Oscar Wilde's heavy face, to let them know that he is in the joke himself, and will enjoy it with a companion. He is too clever not to appreciate himself.

If anybody wants to give Mr. Wilde thirty dollars, this is an opportunity to do so. He is taking up a collection for current expenses.

THE MORALITY OF FICTION.

HALL CAINE recently delivered a lecture in Edinburgh on the subject of "The Moral Responsibility of Fiction." He clearly demonstrated his theory that although the novelist may work without conscious moral purpose, he can never rid himself of moral responsibility.

"Your work is what you are," he said. "It cannot help but carry with it the moral responsibility in which you live. Tell me what manner of man you are, and I'll tell you what the moral effect of your work will be. Strip it of all moralizing, all texts, all moral platitudes, but do not imagine that you are then stripping it of all moral effect. Imagination is a chemical which, let a man pour it on any plate whatsoever, is sure to develop the features of his own face.

"To the reader," he goes on, "who comes upon what are called daring scenes in fiction, I would say, Look to the aim. Is it

good or bad? Are these scenes merely finger posts on the journey? Then they serve a good purpose, and if they are not too glaring or too coarse, you should not resent them."

Mr. Caine is a firm believer in the novelist being represented in every one of his characters. He thinks that he always describes but one character, and that, his own. If his dummies are rascals, the author must be a rascal. If they are heroes, the author is something of a hero. "No handwriting, no photograph, no phonograph, ever told a man's character so plainly as the characters a novelist represents tell his own character."

Mr. Caine may be right in his own case, but we can hardly be expected to believe that a man can only see through his own experience. It is commonly supposed to be the gift of genius to see all minds with equal clearness.

THE WOMAN WHO ASKED A QUESTION.

THERE was a beginning, a starting point, for all this talk of the New Woman, which we hear on the stage, in the periodicals, in the novels, and everywhere else from Cooper Union mass meetings to afternoon teas in San Francisco. It was Mrs. Mona Caird who said the first word when she arose and asked her historic conundrum, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

It happened to be a dull season in London, with no great political questions before the public, no great scandals in high life, nor anything else which the readers of the *Telegraph* consider interesting. Mrs. Caird was a writer of novels and articles which had rather a strong flavor, but nobody paid much attention to her. The young English girls of those days—a few years back—did not read the reviews in the spirit in which they read them now. They had not discovered that they were latchkeyless. Mrs. Caird's article seemed likely to be read by the people who think, rather than talk; and that would have been the last of it. But it happened that Mr. Willie Wilde, brother to Mr. Oscar Wilde, was directing a department of a London newspaper, and being too indolent to hunt up subjects to write about, he invited the British public to fill his columns with its wise answers to Mrs. Caird's question. To be sure, Mr. Wilde himself wrote most of the earlier and cleverer replies, but they kept the ball rolling until almost everybody had come in and said his say; and Mrs. Caird regarded herself with extreme seriousness, and asked—and received—high prices for her manuscript.

Mrs. Caird lives in the Scotch county of Kirkcudbright, near the village of Creetown, in the house which Scott immortalized in "Guy Mannering" under the name of "Woodburn." It is an old, square Scottish tower, a remnant of the days when all that coast was overrun by the border chiefs. The walls are thick, with circular windows here and there. Mrs. Caird's own study is in the very top of the tower, overlooking the sea.

She is a pretty woman, not very strong, and happily married herself. She says that her early studies were discouraged in every possible way. As a child, and as a young girl, she was not allowed to do any work except in the drawing room where the family was gathered. The strain told upon her health, and her studies were discouraged more than ever. It was not until after her marriage that she was free to do as she liked; and yet she argues against the institution as the one lowering tendency of our present civilization.

THE BIRTH OF A HUMORIST.

Most people imagine that Edgar W. Nye, who chooses to sign himself "Bill Nye," is a thin, cadaverous looking man with spectacles and without hair. They have seen so many caricatures of him that they imagine he must resemble them. In reality, Mr. Nye weighs almost two hundred pounds, and looks like a city man.

As with so many others whose reputations have been made in journalism, much of his earliest and best work was lost. He was living in Laramie as a young man, and in that new country became a favorite companion of Judge Beeson Blair, who delighted in his young friend's ridiculous tales and quaint point of view. It was the judge's suggestion that they should be preserved in print. They were sent to a little backwoods county paper in Judge Blair's native State, West Virginia. The back files of this sheet, if any are in existence, would doubtless be a valuable find at the present rates at which Mr. Nye turns out his peculiar sort of humor.

His quickness at making a joke was illustrated one night when he had been lecturing near Judge Blair's old home. He took the train upon a branch road immediately after his lecture, and being very tired went to sleep in his seat and began to snore loudly. His head dropped lower and lower, until finally his hat rolled into the aisle. The conductor picked it up, and touched Mr. Nye on the shoulder.

"Why did you waken me?" he asked, with a show of indignation.

"You were snoring," the conductor said softly.

"Snoring?" Mr. Nye bellowed. "Who told you I was snoring?"

"I heard you."

"Well, young man," he said solemnly, "don't you believe all you hear."

Mr. Nye's "Comic History of the United States" has been so great a success that he is preparing to make a journey abroad to write similar histories of France and England.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY HOLMES.

A FRIEND of Dr. Holmes received a copy of "Over the Teacups," his last book, as soon as it was published, with this poem on the fly leaf:

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled;
The promise still out-uns the deed;
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Lose half their petals in our speech.

"TARTARIN OF TARASCON."

ONE of the most popular of modern novels is Alphonse Daudet's famous "Tartarin of Tarascon"; and as we read with delight its ever fresh humor, we wonder why Daudet has ever written such books as "Sappho" or "The Immortal." But "Tartarin" was not well received by the critics to begin with, and the first ten chapters almost ruined the paper which published them as a serial. It was only when the people found it transferred to the *Figaro* that they began to laugh over it. As a book, a hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold.

Daudet says that the Provençals, thinking themselves ridiculed in the person of *Tartarin*, cut his acquaintance after the publication of the story, until their thrifty minds discovered that it was actually bringing them trade. People would come to the inn at Tarascon, and ask to see M. Tartarin.

"But he has gone hunting," the innkeeper would say, "and will not return for a week."

The tourists, loath to leave without a glimpse of the famous lion hunter, would stay on for week after week, only to be at last disappointed, after they had spent their money.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE RED CROSS MOVEMENT.

THE published accounts of the war in the far east pay a signal tribute to the power and prestige of the badge that has done so much to alleviate the horrors of modern war—the Red Cross of Geneva.

The history of the Red Cross movement is a remarkable one. Thirty five years ago a Swiss gentleman, who happened to witness Louis Napoleon's victory over the Austrians at Solferino, wrote a pamphlet describing the awful scenes of the battlefield, where wounded and dying men lay for days without attention. He went on to suggest the formation of societies for supplying medical aid in time of war; societies which should be strictly neutral in their services, and should receive a guarantee of immunity and protection from all civilized governments.

The suggestion bore fruit with surprising rapidity. In 1864 representatives of sixteen nations met at Geneva and signed the well known convention that bears that city's name. The United States—where Miss Clara Barton was the great leader of the movement—were not among the original signers, but they joined by act of Congress during President Arthur's administration; and it was from America that the idea was introduced into Japan, where a national Red Cross association was formed eight years ago. Last September the Mikado, who is president of this organization, directed his war minister to order the strict observation of the Geneva treaty by the Japanese forces. The newspapers report that its merciful rules, which protect the disabled soldier, irrespective of his allegiance, have been faithfully carried out by at least one of the combatant parties in eastern Asia.

The facts thus briefly reviewed are a striking commentary upon the rapid march of history in this nineteenth century.

THE YIDDISH TONGUE.

How many of our readers ever heard of the Yiddish language or dialect? How many recognize it as an important branch of civilized speech? Few, probably. And yet in the city of New York alone, Yiddish is the every day tongue of a hundred thousand people; six daily newspapers are print-

ed in it; and it is spoken regularly at three theaters, occasionally at others.

The significance of these statistics—which we cite on the authority of the *New York Sun*—lies in the fact that Yiddish (the name is corrupted from "Jüdisch," the German for "Hebrew") is the language of the newly landed Jewish immigrant. Properly speaking, it is not a language at all, but a jargon—a compound of German and Polish, with stray words gathered everywhere. It is spoken by the army of Hebrews that have recently come to America from eastern and southeastern Europe. It is owing to the great volume of this immigration that it has become one of the important languages of our cosmopolitan metropolis, ranking next after English and German in the extent of its usage. As compared with German, it represents a far more alien element of the population. Few Teutonic immigrants fail to become Americanized; very few neglect to learn the language of the country soon after they reach it. On the other hand, tens of thousands of those who speak Yiddish are tenacious in clinging to their eastern jargon.

There is nothing that more emphasizes the evils of superabundant immigration than the refusal of immigrants to use the common speech of the land in which they find an abiding place. In the case of the Yiddish speaking population, none is more fully alive to the situation than the leading Jewish citizens of New York, who have set on foot active and effective agencies to counteract the racial isolation to which ignorance of English inevitably tends. Libraries, debating societies, lectures, schools, gymnasia, kindergartens—a long list of such institutions in the densely crowded east side of New York are at work with this special object in view. No form of philanthropic effort is more worthy of support than these that are fighting against heavy odds to Americanize a great body of alien immigrants.

THE FAME OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It would scarcely be correct to call Edgar Allan Poe a literary prophet without honor in his own country; but it is true that he was first honored abroad, and has been most highly honored there. English and French critics raised him to a place among the

geniuses of the century at a time when his countrymen regarded him as merely a clever but erratic journalist, poet, and story writer; and today no American author save Longfellow has so great a reputation beyond the Atlantic.

It is probable that his personal failings lowered the estimate of Poe's talents formed by his associates. Even his warmest defenders have to admit that his brief career was sadly stained by lack of moral judgment and stamina. In those days the American literary world was far narrower than now, in every sense of the word; an author's personality was less likely to be lost sight of or excused for the sake of his work. Poe's tendency to set his hand against every other man's inevitably won him unpopularity in his profession; and the public among which he lived did not find in him a man whom it could take to its heart as it took Longfellow and Whittier.

On the other hand, across the ocean he was merely a name, and Europeans judged him by his work alone. England hailed his wonderfully musical and original poetry as a literary revelation; France greeted his prose fiction no less warmly.

Now that time has softened judgments and obliterated personal animosities, America is beginning to remember only the bright and brilliant side of this remarkable man, and to form an estimate of his work that is as unprejudiced and discriminating, if less enthusiastic, than that of Europe.

By the way, how does it happen that there should be any question as to the proper spelling of Poe's middle name? Most authorities give it as "Allan," but Lippincott's Dictionary of Biography spells it "Allen." Shakspeare may not have been certain of his own orthography, but surely Poe was.

MODERN VIEWS OF AN ANCIENT RITE.

FROM time immemorial poets have seized with avidity upon the convenient rhyme of "kiss" and "bliss," and have used their choicest phrases to tell the raptures of osculatory caresses. To the scientist, however, the matter appears in a very different

light. To him a kiss is simply the contraction of two orbicularis oris muscles in juxtaposition; and as a corollary to the germ theories of disease he adds that labial contact is a most effective method of spreading any infection that may be lurking in the system.

From this medical objection, seconded in some degree by a blasé world's tendency to discourage all forms of emotional display, has come a chorus of attacks upon the rite of osculation. There is a good deal of reason in the outcry. Indiscriminate kissing as it has been practised, for instance, as an ordinary form of greeting among women, is unnecessary, and therefore to be avoided. It is certainly unhygienic, and good taste condemns it as almost vulgar. It is a profanation of a caress that should be kept for the nearest and dearest.

THE LACK OF ENTHUSIASM.

UNENTHUSIASTIC natures! How much they must miss in life! Never elated by good fortune, nor astounded by a piece of news; always living on the dead flat level of the commonplace! To be sure, it carries a certain air of impressiveness with it; this living above being agitated, places the imperturbable people on heights which we effervescing ones cannot hope to scale. We envy, while we pity them. It seems so superior to be able to sit aloft there and hear unmoved tidings which would set our hands to clapping and our heads to tossing.

And yet we wonder how such people ever manage to accomplish anything. It seems to us that they never permit themselves to be brought in close enough contact with an emotion to be carried away by it and thus be enabled to translate into concrete form the ideas of their brain.

It is true that some of the greatest men the world has ever seen have been those of impassive temperament. It may be the evidence of a deeper mentality, just as rivers which are the shallowest make the most noise on the surface.

Yet the constitutional repression of the emotional nature must always imply a certain loss—a lessening of the enjoyment of life, if not a diminution of its powers.

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